The Scott McLeod Story:

'BIG BROTHER' IN FOGGY BOTTOM

The Reporter

August 17, 1954 25c

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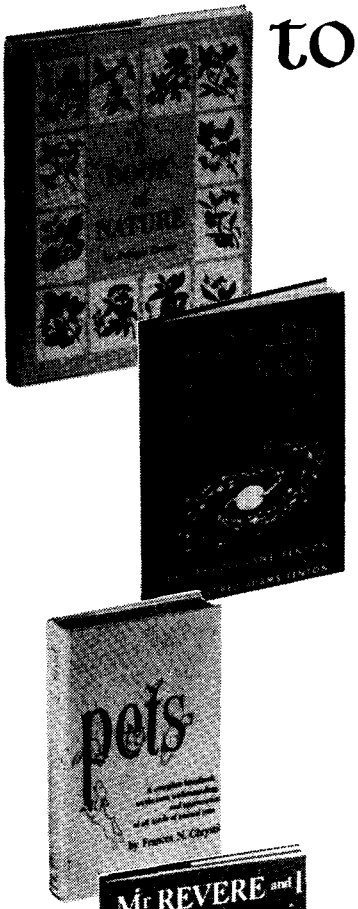

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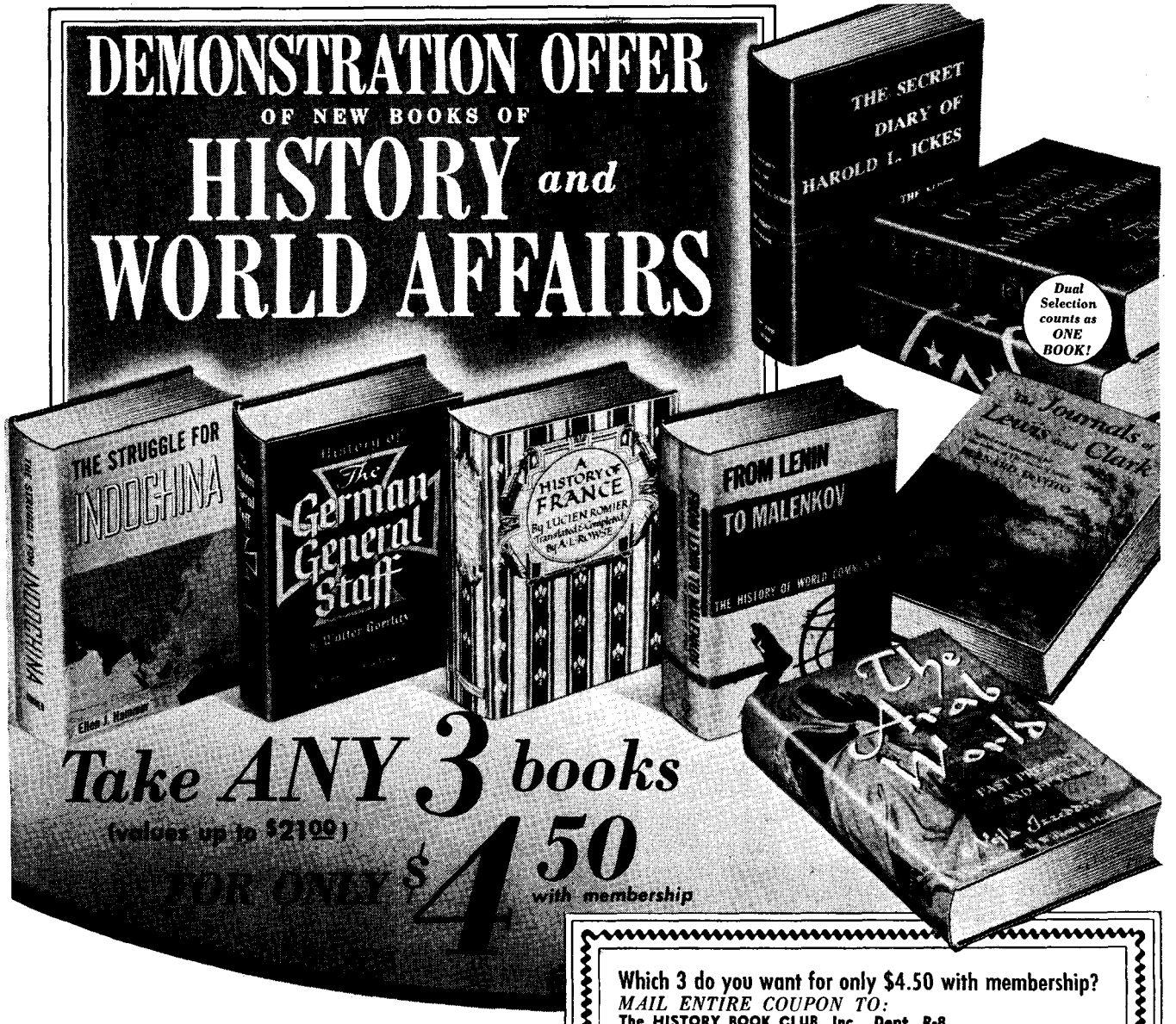
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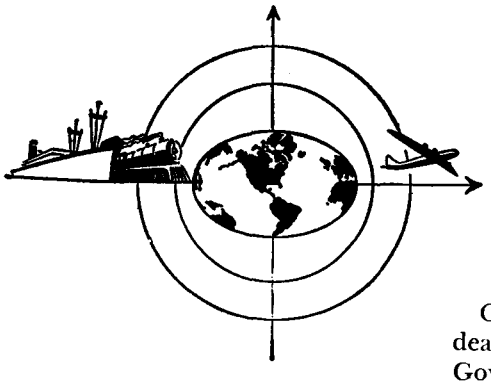

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Sparks from the Granite State

As a journal of some civic sensibility, we devoted a lot of space in our July 20 issue to Senator Styles Bridges.

On the day that particular issue of *The Reporter* arrived on the New Hampshire newsstands, the Manchester *Union Leader,* a strong Bridges supporter, reported that the Senator was thinking of bringing a libel action against *The Reporter* and against anyone else using our story materials "by reprint, by other publication, or by newsstand sale."

Three of New Hampshire's nine daily newspapers were impressed; they refused to print an advertisement telling their readers about our story. But the Senator himself had given it front-page publicity. *The Reporter* started selling out on the newsstands. Among the early buyers, according to the Laconia *Evening Citizen,* was a member of the Republican State Committee, who purchased all available copies in Laconia stores.

"I am prepared," said one Laconia dealer, "to sell them in lots of one to 500, and will continue to do so as long as the magazines come and I am not prohibited from selling by a court order." Laconia's Mayor Gerard L. Morin, a Democrat who is hoping to run against Bridges in the fall, denounced the Republican raiding parties as "a flagrant violation of and attack upon freedom of the press . . ." As one local editorial put it, "The senator seems to be on a spot of his own making—a strange development in the campaign of a Republican candidate in a Republican state who is unopposed in the Republican primaries."

On July 19 the spot turned a good deal hotter. That day Republican Governor Hugh Gregg announced at his monthly press conference that he had read *The Reporter's* article and that it "appears to be well substantiated and appears to be true." He added that he had not heard that Senator Bridges was denying any of the allegations in the article. The next day he expressed surprise that anyone thought his remarks unfriendly to Bridges. Nothing in *The Reporter's* article, he said, "affects in any way my continuing support of Senator Bridges for re-election. . ."

The Senator and the Governor between them seem to have ensured a continuing demand for *The Reporter* in the hills of New Hampshire. As we go to press, the *Lebanon Valley News* is running a serialized reprint of our article along with a standing invitation to Senator Bridges to sue it for libel. A statewide citizens' committee has been formed with the assistance of a group of New Hampshire attorneys to help defend anyone on the receiving end of a libel action.

The Senator, it appears, has succeeded in striking some lively sparks of indignation from the Granite State. He has also helped arouse his fellow New Hampshire citizens to a sharper interest in his own political career than they have shown up to now.

Ebb Tide?

Only a few weeks ago Ralph Yarborough, leader of the Loyalist Democrats in Texas, was considered a pushover in the gubernatorial primary by the forces of Governor Allan Shivers. Running in the 1952 primary at the crest of the Eisenhower crusade against a Governor who promised to deliver Texas to Ike, Yarborough had been swamped by Shivers 833,861 to 488,345. Running again last month against an almost unanimously hostile press as well as the big oil money, Yarborough had to face a campaign orchestrated with race prejudice and opposition to the

ATTENTION U.S. SENATE

"Madras, India, July 20—Chakrvati Rajagopalachari, former Indian Governor General, today wished 'ill luck' to the London meeting on problems of old age (International Congress of Gerontology). He said it would be disastrous if scientists hit upon a panacea to prolong old age." —New York *Times,* July 21

Chak, put it there! Seniority's stale rule
Too often makes us suffer the old fool,
Keeping in power long beyond his prime
The dotard drawing overdrafts on time.
Let science hit instead upon a plan
To marry age with wisdom in a man
So that he knows before it is too late
How best to serve, and when to abdicate.

And yet—in what young Senator has candor's
Brave light shone brighter than in aging Flanders?

—SEC

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Supreme Court's segregation decision. That in an off year he could reduce the Governor's total in the primary to 627,736, while upping his own to 610,578, was entirely unexpected.

Three months ago, when Yarborough decided to run, his supporters viewed him as a sacrificial offering, and he ran more out of faith than of hope. No matter what happens in the runoff, Texans have shown that a good many independents who voted for Ike in 1952 think it is time for a change.

Team Play

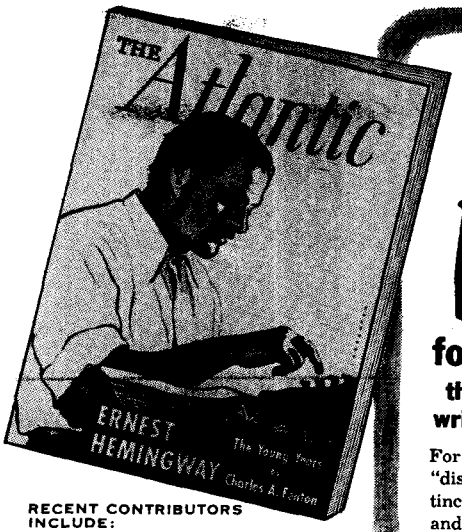
Whatever plans the Republican National Committee may have for peace and harmony in this fall's campaign have apparently not yet been cleared with Senator McCarthy.

For the past few weeks, the Senator has been furnishing libraries, newspaper morgues, and major law and business firms with gift copies of his best-known literary masterpieces—*McCarthyism*: *The Fight for America,* and *America's Retreat from Victory*: *The Story of George Catlett Marshall.* With the retail price of some mailings running as high as two dollars per recipient, plus postage (the Senator has not used his frank), a tidy sum must be involved.

The Marshall story, though considerably edited from the original free-wheeling diatribe on the privileged Senate floor, still drips enough poison on Dwight D. Eisenhower for his participation in "treason" to settle the question whether the Senator was chastened by his recent battle with the Administration.

Senate Vignette

Revisiting the Senate Caucus Room recently, we were struck by a certain irony. Within the marble walls where a short time ago the great Army-McCarthy spectacle was staged, a lone Senator was conducting a diligent investigation into how Congressional investigations might be improved. Senator Homer Ferguson (R., Michigan), whose concern for fair procedure has mounted as Election Day nears, was in the witness chair presenting the official conclusions of the Republican Policy Committee on this subject. There shall be no one-man investigations,



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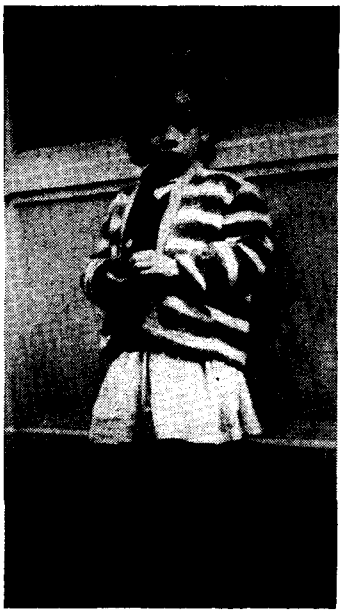
DATELINE:

Dien-Bien-Phu

The Republic of France regrets to inform you...



From across the world, Dien-Bien-Phu brought tragedy to the brave little Ronelle family, bringing the horror of war to a home in a quiet Orleans village. Nicole is too young to know why her father will never return to play with her, nor to take her for bicycle rides in the country.

"Nicole is tall for a 6-year-old, and not very strong. Her light brown hair, chestnut eyes, and shy manner make her charm and appeal almost irresistible. A deeply affectionate child, when she sees tears in her mother's eyes, she cannot bear it and starts crying. Now they are alone, mother and child, and an aged grandmother, with no means of support except a monthly pittance from the government for families of soldiers who gave up their lives." Reported by Mlle. de Ficquelmont, Save the Children Federation representative, Paris.

HOW YOU CAN HELP NICOLE

You can help Nicole or another needy child by a contribution in any amount, or by the Federation's CHILD SPONSORSHIP plan. For just $10 a month, $120 a year, SCF will send "your child" warm clothing, knitting yarn, yard goods, school supplies, and other needed items—delivered in your name in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy, Lebanon or Korea. A gift in any amount will help at least one child.

A contribution in any amount will help

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declared Ferguson. Senator William Jenner (R., Indiana), who was then himself sitting as a one-man committee, asked if the witness meant that one-man investigations were unfair? Well, Senator Ferguson had to allow, when Senator Ferguson had conducted such investigations in the past, they were eminently fair. Only trouble was that the public might not think so.

Gallon in a Quart Bottle

New York City is becoming "one vast slum with oases of luxury apartments for the very wealthy," according to Professor Talbot Hamlin, recently retired from Columbia's School of Architecture. "This is partly the result," Professor Hamlin went on, "of a conviction on the part of one of our city 'experts' that a master plan for New York is silly, that you must improvise as you go along. The coordinator I refer to has concentrated instead on an elaborate highway system, which is in some ways foolish because people arrive in the city with greater dispatch only to find there is no place for them to stay."

WHO, ME?

"I extend to the great American jury my heartfelt thanks for its loyal support."
—From Roy Cohn's letter of resignation

Dear Roy, I have looked with all my might
From Maine and Mass. to Missouri,
For the loyal support (and you must mean me)
Of the Great American Jury.
From what I hear, my poor young man
(And maybe it's mean to tattle),
The jury's hung and split and sore
After a drag-out battle.
If I were you, I'd extend my thanks
To more specific quarters,
For a healthy number of us, my boy,
Were not your loyal supporters!

—SEC

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Professor Hamlin was talking about Robert Moses, and we are inclined to agree with him. Anyone who has sped along one of Commissioner Moses' beautiful highways into New York City only to find himself in a solid line of almost stalled cars over the last miles of his journey, through one of Commissioner Moses' beautiful tunnels or over one of his beautiful bridges, knows that the best funnel in the world can't get a gallon into a quart bottle. The Moses solution is to build more tunnels and more bridges, and let the city itself grow wild.

As we write, we look out our window and see the foundations for another skyscrapers being laid, and we wonder if some day the old island won't just sink.

The Blessings of Monopoly

Having just absorbed the circulation of another publication ourselves, we were pleased to note that the Washington *Post and Times Herald* has maintained about eighty-five per cent of what used to be the separate circulations of the *Post* and the *Times Herald*. The paper, now the only morning daily in the city, is read by seven out of every ten families in the area, which must be something of a record.

It goes against all the best theories, but for some reason monopoly is not always a bad thing in the newspaper business. To prove the point, we cite two cities—Boston and Louisville. Boston, which has more dailies competing against each other than any city except New York, also has just about the least impressive papers. (The *Christian Science Monitor* is a national paper rather than a Boston paper.) Louisville, where Mark Ethridge's morning *Courier-Journal* and evening *Times* enjoy a monopoly, is just about as well served as any city in the country. Too much competition can sometimes reduce all publishers to the lowest common denominator of sensationalism; whereas monopoly can sometimes encourage independence, letting a publisher feel that he can afford to put out a good paper.

The Washington *Post* has always been a good paper ever since Eugene Meyer took it over, and we hope it will continue to thrive.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE LORD HELPS THOSE . . .

To the Editor: I have just read "Why I Quit Teaching" (*The Reporter*, July 6), and I am left with the feeling that what is the trouble today is not the McCarthys, Tenneys, and other bigoted birdbrains who are bullying and badgering loyal Americans. The real trouble is with the gutless Milquetoast liberals whose only reply to the bullies seems to be either a half-hearted attempt to knuckle under or, failing at that, a simpering retreat from the battle. American liberalism, it would seem, has grown soft and puffy with twenty years of White House luxury. The New Deal has taught the liberals "practicality" via patronage and the party line (I refer to the Democratic Party here), and bled them of their life blood, which is the individualism and willingness to stand alone, if need be, against conformity to reaction. The New Deal bureaucracy has undermined this and substituted for it a kind of liberal version of the habit of conformity and leader following.

What sort of solution does this teacher who quit teaching hope for? Does she think the bullies will just disappear like a bad dream? Or is she waiting for another Great White Father like F.D.R. to disperse them? She can go on wringing her hands and crying "foul!" till Kingdom Come, but in the meantime the play-it-smart-and-keep-your-trap-shut teacher is taking over the school and paving the way for 1984. This is a serious matter and one which raises the questions "What price slavery?" "What is civilization worth to you?" Quitting is a tacit admission of moral bankruptcy in a situation like this.

The rights for which our forebears fought are worthless if they are not used, and to be used they may have to be insisted on. This may even mean being impractical and getting up on your hind legs and sounding off. It may mean, too, putting conscience ahead of authority, in the manner of Paine, Thoreau, and Debs. The so-called hysteria is sure to persist until the ignorant and uninformed see grit and fortitude in their erstwhile liberal leaders—who are, potentially, any of us who are better educated and informed. But if liberals can show no more faith in their ideals than to be cowed so readily as this ex-teacher, then 1984 is already upon us.

The solution I propose is not, perhaps, facile, but it is extremely simple: Speak your mind, be vocally honest, say just what you think in every circumstance—and don't wait for the other fellow to do so first. This is your Constitutional right, and it was a human right of the free conscience long before the Constitution was written, and will be long after it is forgotten. For in the final analysis, free men are made not by any laws but by their own free spirits and actions.

WILLIAM ROBERT MILLER
New York

To the Editor: No doubt the situation in Los Angeles is bad, but it strikes me as decidedly unfair to create the impression, as Mr. Boesen does, that the Los Angeles teachers who have *not* thrown in the sponge and quit their jobs must be cowards, numbskulls, or cynical careerists. I can't help surmising that quite a few able and devoted teachers are still doing the best job they can in admittedly adverse circumstances, a course that is not necessarily more cowardly than abandoning one's life work out of sheer funk.

JOHN JAMIESON
New York

EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS

To the Editor: In your issue of July 6, 1954, among your Reporter's Notes, you head one of them: "The Kohlberg Report." Referring to me, you say: "We have always liked him because he is the only self-avowed reactionary we know who has a sense of humor." I find myself just as amused at this statement by you, as you must be when you hear me refer to your magazine as a pro-Communist organ. A sense of humor helps, doesn't it?

ALFRED KOHLBERG
New York

SCIENCE AND SECURITY

To the Editor: Reading *V-2*, the story of Hitler's rocket weapon by Dr. Walter Dornberger, who headed the German Army's rocket program, I was struck by the tragicomic report of the security snafu apparently inevitably reached under such circumstances in a society of suspicion.

In the chapter entitled "Himmler Strikes Again," Doctor Dornberger, or General Dornberger as he then was, tells how he was informed one day that Werner von Braun, his closest colleague and Germany's greatest rocket researcher, had been arrested along with his two best engineers. Field Marshal Keitel said the charge was sabotage and that the men would very probably lose their lives.

"Keitel said gravely, 'Do you know that your closest colleagues have stated in company at Zinnowitz that it had never been their intention to make a weapon of war out of the rocket? . . . That their object all along has been space travel? . . .

" 'The sabotage is seen in the fact that these men have been giving all their innermost thoughts to space travel and consequently have not applied their whole energy and ability to production of the A-4 [V-2 rocket] as a weapon of war.' "

It was explained that these arrests would be ruinous to the entire project. Employment of the rocket in the field would have to be postponed indefinitely. Keitel telephoned Himmler's adjutant, but Himmler refused to see Dornberger, who had to be content with an interview with SS General Müller.

"Suddenly he observed, 'You are a very

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interesting case, General Dornberger. Do you know what a fat file of evidence we have against you here?'

"I shook my head in surprise. . . .

" 'Well, first of all there's the delay in the development of the A-4 missile. That's a question that will certainly have to be tackled one day. . . .'

" 'Ah, yes! Putting the brake on development, eh? Is that all? If so, it's damned little!'

" 'No. Those were only a few general points. Perhaps you would like to hear about a specific case. . . . The charge is one of deliberate or culpably negligent incitement to sabotage . . .

" 'You said at a meeting of your directors that the Führer had dreamed the A-4 would never get to England. You said you were powerless against the Führer's dreams. By that expression you exercised a harmful, pessimistic, almost defeatistic influence on the zeal and enthusiasm of your senior staff and so sabotaged rapid progress.' "

Dornberger was not to be arrested anyway because his work was vital. He managed to get his men freed provisionally by declaring them also indispensable to the program. The crowning touch to the story is that these arrests actually did delay the work, just as the Führer's dream had caused him to delay giving top priority to the rocket. And the end result was that the V-2 went into action just about six months too late to be significant from the German point of view.

JOHN ALLAN MAY
Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts

THE MILLIONAIRES

To the Editor: I'm afraid that your readers will not get from Theodore H. White's classic political report ("Texas: Land of Wealth and Fear," *The Reporter,* May 25 and June 8) a wholly true perspective on some of the spectacular Texans described.

H. R. Cullen tries to do, and H. L. Hunt has succeeded in doing, a lot of damage to liberals and Democrats and advancing McCarthyism by the lavish expenditure of money. Clint Murchison, however, spends money on politics about the same way he and his brothers spend money on Trinity University, as evidence of support of a cause he believes in.

He did think, though I hope he no longer does, that Joe McCarthy really had that list of 205 Communist card-carrying State Department employees in his pocket when he claimed he did. He thought Ike would unify the country and that Acheson imperiled it. I think Clint wants to defeat his foes, not enslave them. He is not trying to create stooges and robots.

Sid Richardson likes to see his friends in politics get ahead. He must have spent a lot of money on Ike, but I remember that in 1942, when a Republican Congress might have meant a national disaster, Richardson got up the money for the Democratic Congressional campaign so his friend F.D.R. could have a friendly Congress to work with in wartime.

Mr. White's superbly written articles have been widely discussed in Texas.

W. H. KITTRELL
Dallas

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

NO UNITED STATES military forces were engaged in Indo-China. We did not negotiate the truce. It was the French who acted, or were forced to act, in the immediate interest of their nation. Yet we were heavily involved in the outcome. **Harlan Cleveland's** editorial reviews some of the lessons to be derived from the alarums and excursions in Washington on Indo-China.

OUR NATION'S diplomacy requires diplomats to help form it (by the information they collect) and carry it out, in the posts all over the world where they explain and further their country's policy. The nation must be certain of these men's loyalty. In this issue, our first article takes up the problem created by the present methods employed in the State Department to acquire that certainty. What is happening now in Washington makes it harder to form and carry out any creative policy. **William Harlan Hale** has written several articles on American diplomats, of which the most recent was "Let's Re-re-re-reorganize the Foreign Service!" (*The Reporter,* July 20, 1954).

French Premier Pierre Mendès-France is known principally in this country as the negotiator of the Indo-Chinese truce. It may come as a surprise that Mendès-France and the people around him think mostly about economics. After all, one big reason the French had to give up in Indo-China was that they simply could not afford—literally, in terms of dollars and francs—to go on fighting. France's weakness was economic. That may explain why Jean Monnet and Mendès-France, the two men who have shown the greatest singleness of purpose in postwar France, have both been economists. **Edmond Taylor,** former secretary of the Psychological Strategy Board, author of *Strategy by Terror* and *Richer by Asia,* writes regularly from Europe for *The Reporter.*

Maria Yen, who gives us what may be called a dormitory view of life in a Chinese college after the Communists took over, cannot write under her real name because her family in Red China is exposed to reprisal. Miss Yen escaped to Hong Kong, where Richard McCarthy, a U.S. Information Service officer, helped her translate the book from which this account is excerpted. *The Umbrella Garden* by Maria Yen and Richard McCarthy will be published in September by Macmillan.

William Lee Miller teaches at Smith College in the Department of Religion and Biblical Literature. He has written for *The Reporter* frequently on the confusions and paradoxes between religion and public affairs.

WE HAVE PUBLISHED some manuscripts—and rejected many more—that describe the present unpopularity of Americans in the world. That is why it is so pleasant to come upon an American traveler who had a uniformly good time wherever he went and never once felt tempted to hide his passport or apologize for his American clothes. **Marvin Barrett** is an American novelist now freelancing in New York.

In "The Great Torso Murder," **Marya Mannes** turns her attention to a hitherto undefined type of conformity, thereby exposing her nonconformist flank to the fury of a thriving American industry.

About four years ago **Robert K. Bingham** of our staff was assigned to interview Westbrook Pegler. After reading the resulting article (March 28, 1950), Mr. Pegler wrote to say that it was "fine reporting."

Joe Miller, who reviews one man's struggle for Grand Coulee Dam, has been covering hydroelectric power developments in the Northwest for several years and writes from Seattle.

The late Joseph Schumpeter's *History of Economic Analysis* is reviewed by a fellow Harvard economist, **John Kenneth Galbraith.**

OUR COVER showing the corridors of the old State Department Building is by our Art Editor, **Reg Massie.**

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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VOLUME 11, NO. 3 **AUGUST 17, 1954**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2
SETBACK AND A NEW CHANCE—AN EDITORIAL . . . . *Harlan Cleveland* 8

The Scott McLeod Story

'BIG BROTHER' IN FOGGY BOTTOM . . . . . *William Harlan Hale* 10

At Home & Abroad

MENDES-FRANCE AFTER GENEVA . . . . . *Edmond Taylor* 18
VERMONT ELOQUENCE 21
CHINESE CO-ED IN A COMMUNIST COLLEGE . . . . . *Maria Yen* 22
PIETY ALONG THE POTOMAC . . . . . *William Lee Miller* 25

Views & Reviews

AMERICANS, STAY HERE! . . . . . *Marvin Barrett* 29
THE GREAT TORSO MURDER, OR, LET'S INVESTIGATE FOUNDATIONS . . . . . *Marya Mannes* 32
WESTBROOK PEGLER AND 'THAT MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE' . . . . . *Robert K. Bingham* 35
HOW JIM O'SULLIVAN MOVED A MOUNTAIN . . . . . *Joe Miller* 37
WHAT ONE ECONOMIST THOUGHT OF THE REST . . *John Kenneth Galbraith* 38
BOOK NOTE 39

TO OUR READERS

As our readers know, each summer two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* are dropped from the publishing schedule. This year they are the numbers that would have been dated August 3 and August 31. With the September 14 number we shall resume our schedule. The dropping of these issues does not affect the number of issues each subscriber is entitled to receive.

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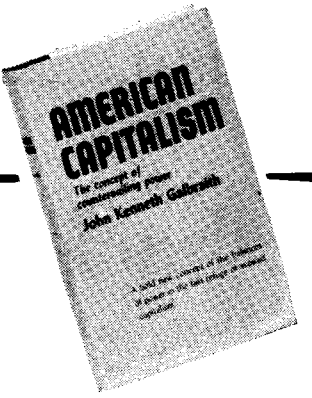

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Setback and a New Chance

WE STOOD ASIDE, holding our noses. But the ugly, predestined truce was signed. The Communists have gained another, smaller China.

It was very late in Southeast Asia when the Republicans took over in Washington. The Communists had the bases loaded and there were no outs; it would have been a miracle if the new battery had held them scoreless for the inning. But the Administration tried, as hard as tongue can try; Indo-China, already the biggest consumer of American aid, was to be defended by "massive retaliation," "united action," and the threat of "grave consequences." In February a top defense official told a group of reporters to look for "decisive action" within two weeks. As late as April 15, Admiral Radford declared that "the free nations cannot afford to permit a further extension . . . of militant communism in Asia."

"You don't," said Vice-President Nixon three weeks before Dienbienphu fell, "keep Communists out of an area by telling them you won't do anything to save it."

Suddenly, on April 26, President Eisenhower spoke of a "modus vivendi" with the Communists. The American principle of "no retreat" was quickly replaced with another: If we couldn't prevent a Communist take-over in North Vietnam, we would at least avoid any action that would stamp it with American approval.

WHAT HAPPENED in April to cause so sharp a change in mood? Apparently there *was* a project to strike at the Communist troops around Dienbienphu with planes from two American carriers then in the South China Sea. On April 3, Secretary Dulles and Admiral Radford called together a bipartisan group of Congressional leaders to discuss this idea. When the leaders heard the plan, they asked two key questions.

Are you speaking for the Joint Chiefs of Staff? Admiral Radford was asked. He conceded that the Chiefs of the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force did not agree with him about an air strike. The Congressional leaders then asked Mr. Dulles: Have you lined up the British or anyone else for a joint venture under the "united action" doctrine? The answer was no.

The leaders must have breathed a sigh of relief. Here was their chance to prevent President Eisenhower from passing on to Congress the onus of deciding not to intervene in a hopeless cause. Wouldn't it be best, they suggested, for the Administration to line up some Allies before coming to Congress for action?

Mr. Dulles and Admiral Radford took their plan to Europe. On April 25, the British Cabinet heard its own Chiefs of Staff say an air strike wouldn't be enough to save Dienbienphu, and decided not to go along. Two days later, the President started talking up a "modus vivendi."

The Relayed Buck

There it is. Goaded by warnings about appeasement from Capitol Hill, importuned by the desperate French for some practical help, a divided Eisenhower Administration halfheartedly toyed with the idea of limited intervention, only to have Congressional leaders (Republicans and Democrats alike) pass the buck to the British Cabinet. When the British exercised the veto thus handed them and the French were left out on their bloody limb, Majority Leader Knowland lambasted them both for preparing to "surrender on the installment plan" at a "Far Eastern Munich."

The Administration had succeeded in sounding fierce and doing what had to be done—which by that time was nothing. Congress was able to work off its frustration by passing unanimous resolutions to keep the Chinese Communists out of the United Nations—which is easier and less dangerous than trying to keep them out of Indo-China. Our Allies, unable to follow a U.S. lead because there wasn't one, went ahead and made the best deal they could at Geneva—and incidentally prevented the United States from undertaking a war it didn't want anyway.

As soon as the truce was signed, the President and the State Department reverted to the familiar words and music: "Any renewal of Communist aggression would be viewed by us as a matter of grave concern."

We have a national weakness, indulged especially by the Republican Party these days, for talking about Asia without thinking about Asia. Through all the

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months of carping at our Allies for ignoring our vital interests in and around Indo-China, we never really decided what those interests were. Now, after a setback of several hundred miles, we have another chance. But first the President has to decide what his Asia policy is.

Broker or President?

From our recent record of bluster and retreat in Washington, we have surely learned one lesson: The President is supposed to make policy. Nothing in the Constitution or the Federalist Papers supports the notion that the President is to be a broker, shuttling back and forth between one center of power in the Congress and other centers of power in foreign capitals. He is a center of power in his own right. The major lines of what we do now in Asia will have to be his policy, not Congress's or Whitehall's or even a legacy from Dean Acheson.

When the North Koreans rumbled across the 38th parallel in their Russian-made tanks, you didn't find the Secretary of State rushing off to Europe to line up support, flying back to take up the matter with the Senate, so that eventually, along about the time the Communist troops had pushed the South Koreans into the sea, we could plan an air strike for three weeks from next Wednesday. No. In his loneliest decision, Harry Truman said what we would do; and in spite of some grousing by Allies and by Senators, that's what the non-Communist world did.

'ANYBODY INTERESTED IN UNDOING IT?'

Haynie in The Greensboro Daily News

To be sure, many a President has "made foreign policy" by first discussing a plan with our country's friends abroad, then selling it to the American people and Congress. Franklin Roosevelt sprang the destroyers-for-bases deal, the forerunner of Lend-Lease, just that way in 1940. Secretary George Marshall initially proposed his Plan in a public speech beamed at Europe; only after Ernest Bevin and Georges Bidault took the hint and put together a European recovery program did President Truman go to the Congress with a Marshall Plan to support it.

But in these cases the President knew what he was trying to do, and so did a reasonably dependable bipartisan coalition in Congress. When the people lose touch with what the President is trying to do, initiative in foreign policy passes to Congress —and the United States starts walking away from its international commitments.

We have seen this happen before, in Woodrow Wilson's losing fight to get the League of Nations ratified in 1919. In our own time, a similar erosion of executive leadership has been going on, at an accelerating pace, since early in 1951.

Containment and Growth

The decisions required in Southeast Asia may not seem as dramatic as those epic responses to the attack on Korea in 1950, the attack on Greece in 1947, or the attack on the British Isles in 1940. But a good part of the drama of those earlier moments was the leadership that focused public attention on what needed to be done.

The program for Southeast Asia is no enigma. We have to do more than contain the Communists with united military force. We have to nullify their phony appeal by helping independent Asian governments succeed with their own peoples.

On the military side, containment depends on American power. We know this, but we have been disarming. On the economic side, we have four years' experience with Point Four, economic aid, and investment loans in Asia. We already know how to do much more than we are doing to promote speedier economic growth and stable government in friendly Asian countries.

RIGHT NOW, before the question of defending the Seventeenth Parallel becomes an overnight emergency, President Eisenhower and his National Security Council need to take another look at their military and foreign-aid budgets, to make sure the United States does not again have to stand aside and let ugly events roll by in Asia. While this review is going on, we suggest that the NSC staff tack up on the conference-room wall a maxim of Emerson's:

"Economy does not consist in saving the coal, but in using the time while it burns."

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'Big Brother' In Foggy Bottom

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

R. W. Scott McLeod

ALL the eleven thousand people in the State Department and far more outside it have heard of him and what he does, but only a small fraction have actually seen him. His name often appears in the newspapers, yet he has taken to avoiding the press because of the "bad publicity" he says it gives him. He occupies a fourth-floor suite in the New State Building on a corridor peopled with senior policymakers and earnest young desk officers, yet the atmosphere that surrounds his own office is something apart. Burly, silent men enter and leave; doors are kept shut; his secretaries discourage callers; he himself is often incommunicado for days. It is as if in the midst of the decorous halls of the State Department's chaste new edifice in Foggy Bottom one had blundered into the headquarters of the chief of a municipal homicide squad. Rumors go around about the dossiers he is said to have on his superiors as well as on all those below, and about a special room in the Department's Annex "4" in which suspects are grilled with the help of a lie detector. "Lots of people," he admits gruffly, "think I'm an ogre."

When you reach his outer offices, you find his chief secretary, Gwen Lewis, a former lady athlete, seated under a motto of Elbert Hubbard on the wall: "An Ounce of Loyalty Is Worth More Than a Pound of Brains." Admitted to the inner chamber, you discover a man of forty, with a football player's build, horn-rimmed glasses, quick eyes, and a tendency to jowls, who gets up to greet you from under his array of several dozen signed photographs of leading Republicans (including one of Senator McCarthy inscribed "To a great American") and breaks into an affable and disarming grin. "You know," he says, "Foreign Service people come into my office all upset and say, 'Where's Scott McLeod?' When I say, 'I'm McLeod,' they can't believe it. 'Why,' they say, 'you don't have horns' . . ."

Exalted Gendarme

You are in the presence of one of the most powerful and controversial officials of the United States government—a man who only a few years ago was an obscure FBI agent in Concord, New Hampshire.

McLeod is known to the world as the State Department's security chief—the first time a cop has risen to the rank of an Assistant Secretary of State. As McLeod himself protests, he is a good deal more than just a security man; he has a subordinate, Dennis A. Flinn (also an ex-FBI man), who is the *real* security man. Last spring, his superior, Thruston B. Morton, Acting Under Secretary for Administration, emphasized the same point when he was concerned about the bad press McLeod was getting: "We shouldn't have let Scotty be ticketed as the top security officer . . . We should have built up Flinn."

McLeod's position carries the longest ranking title in the Department—"Administrator of the Bureau of Security, Consular Affairs and Inspection,"and it gives him a $15,000 salary along with Assistant Secretary's rank. Until last March he also controlled the Office of Personnel, which made him the equivalent of two Assistant Secretaries. His title conveys much about his job, but not all. That job, unprecedented in the Department, was set up by the McCarran Immigration Act of 1952, which established a Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs that was to contain a Passport Office, a Visa Office, "and such other offices as the Secretary of State may deem to be appropriate . . ." McLeod also wanted and got the Personnel Office, declaring that its function and that of Security were "inseparable." Actually, Security and Personnel had always been kept separate before, on the ground that policemen should not function as judges. But the newcomer's doctrine was accepted, and, as he told a House committee, "It was on this premise that I accepted the post . . ."

Later, as his bad press increased and such veteran counselors as Douglas MacArthur II and H. Freeman Matthews advised the front office that a mistake had been made, Personnel was publicly shifted away from him. Yet appearances were deceptive: In practice McLeod's police powers and alliances enabled him to continue to dominate the personnel decisions being made down the hall. His own boss, Morton, said as much when he told me in May that "no real change" had been brought about by the sundering. Meanwhile, Secretary Dulles recompensed McLeod by giving him full control over still another key function, Inspection.

Investigating Everybody

Today, Administrator McLeod holds not one but several portfolios, all

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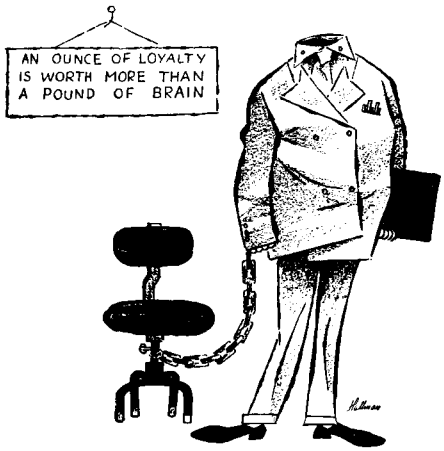
of them filled with dossiers. In the State Department of 1954 he plays the assorted roles of chief policeman, supervising psychiatrist, top consular and immigration-policy man, special contact man on security matters with the FBI, the CIA, and interested committees on Capitol Hill; and inspector general of the entire State Department and Foreign Service.

In his first role, as security chief or rather super-chief, he has been directing the most intensive intramural investigation undertaken in the history of our government—a "full field" study, within the space of a year, of every single member of the Department's present eleven-thousand-person complement, from ambassadors down to supply clerks, in Washington and scattered among 267 diplomatic and consular posts abroad. This has been done under the provisions of President Eisenhower's Order 10450 of April 27, 1953, which brought such factors as a jobholder's drinking habits, sexual interests, and possible "neurological disorders" under the purview of security officers rather than the usual personnel authorities—another "first."

The Orphans

In his next or consular role, he gives supervision to Mrs. Ruth Shipley's largely autonomous Passport Division, which determines what citizen may or may not travel abroad under U.S. protection, as well as to Edward Maney's Visa Division, which advises consular officials overseas as to which foreigners may or may not come in. (The McCarran Act of 1952 sets forth thirty-one separate grounds on which an alien may be refused admission.) Further, he watches over the Office of Special Consular Services, which aids Americans on business or in trouble abroad; a Munitions Control unit; and, more immediately, a special office set up to administer the Refugee Relief Act of 1953, under which more than 200,000 escapees from Communism, displaced orphans, and others specially exempted from immigration quotas are supposed to be admitted by the end of 1956. As head man for the relief of refugees, McLeod co-ordinates the efforts of six departments (State, Treasury, Army, Justice, Labor, and Welfare) and directs the screening of each applicant, including the orphans—a process he began by hiring a staff of special investigators, who in turn had to be investigated first.

ALL these functions take the Administrator far afield, but his most recently acquired one—inspection—brings him to bear again on the staff. The theory of the Foreign Service—all of whose career officers



hold Presidential commissions as this nation's representatives abroad—has been that as a special corps it should manage and inspect itself, just as the Army, Navy, and McLeod's own former outfit, the FBI, do, and not be subject to outside policing. So it has regularly detailed senior officers of its own number to serve as traveling inspectors of our diplomatic missions abroad, where they arrive with a mandate to look into every human nook and organizational cranny of the operation, on the premise that all they learn will be held in strict confidence.

But on April 15, Secretary Dulles turned this delicate function—along with that of inspecting the Department's entire home establishment as well—over to McLeod, with an instruction to the staff that this made him the focal point for receiving "new ideas . . . criticisms," and for "personally" hearing "from any of our people" anything about "problems official and personal." This phrase, coming over the Dulles signature, seemed to give topside sanction to a practice which everyone below the Dulles level knew had come into existence under McLeod's administration, namely, that of informing on other officials whom you either suspected or just didn't like.

"Can't you see our decent people taking their personal problems to a cop?" snorted a top State Department official when I was alone with him. "And that kind of a cop?"

Security über Alles

On paper, the massing of all these powers into one hand would look like an administrative grab bag if it were not that one concern had evidently brought all of them together: the new overriding security interest. A singleness of purpose and outlook unites the chief officials around McLeod, all of whom, with the exception of the passport and consular chiefs, are new appointees to their jobs. At his right stands his gray-haired, heavy-eyed Deputy Administrator, Robert F. Cartwright, another former FBI agent, brought in from an investigative post in the General Accounting Office. Then come two special high-level consultants, James Egan, who for thirty years was also an FBI agent and in recent years assisted Congressman John Taber's House Appropriations Committee, and Frank Waldrop, the brawny former editor-in-chief of the Washington *Times-Herald* under Colonel McCormick's ownership. Of the duties of these two lieutenants, McLeod will say nothing except that Egan has been conducting a management survey and that Waldrop is engaged on "special research."

On the next level is McLeod's Assistant Deputy Administrator, Frances Knight, a brisk spinster nearing fifty, who formerly served as a management assistant in the State Department's Information Program, where she became known as a special confidante of the Taber and McCarthy Committees across town. Then comes the immediate boss of "SY" (Security), the affable Dennis Flinn, who after twelve years in the FBI switched into the career Foreign Service and who is pointed out, when people charge that McLeod's organization doesn't like the Foreign Service, with such words as, "What do you mean, we don't like the Service? Look at Denny Flinn right here!"

Ex-FBI man Flinn was installed by ex-FBI man McLeod to replace the Department's previous SY director,

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John Ford, and promptly emulated his chief by bringing in his own new brooms as well. From the Atomic Energy Commission came William Uanna to run the much-needed job of tightening up "physical security," while a Civil Service Commission investigator, Otto Otepka, was imported to head the more subtle task of "evaluating" all reports turned in about the habits and behavior of our diplomats and desk officers.

If under Order 10450's injunction to SY to "develop information" concerning "any behavior, activities or associations which tend to show that [an] individual is not reliable . . ." an investigator discovers that Counselor X stationed in country Y fathered a child out of wedlock fifteen years ago, it is up to Otepka and his staff to "evaluate" this, after which it goes to Flinn, who then notifies McLeod of the find, who then "recommends" to the Under Secretary what action should be taken. First, however, this is "coordinated" with Personnel, at which point another member of the McLeod circle, George F. Wilson, Deputy Assistant Secretary for Personnel, comes in.

Wilson, a dry, secretive Midwesterner, is another new face at the Department, brought in at McLeod's urging from a job as administrative aide to Senator William Knowland. The Congressional-relations value of giving so central a post to a protégé of the Republican Majority Leader was evident. A University of Arizona graduate whose last job in private industry was that of assistant credit manager of a milling concern in Los Angeles, Wilson is looked on by Foreign Service officers as a man of limited background, suspicious of graduates of Eastern colleges, of Harvard accents, of intellectuals generally, and of people who have spent much time in Europe in particular.

"We work very closely with Wilson," says Flinn. McLeod's team did not work so closely with Wilson's former boss, Assistant Secretary Edward T. Wailes, a strong-minded career officer who was a stranger in their midst, but Wailes resigned last spring.

Partisan Policeman

These are the men who have come to power over the most crucial points

of Secretary Dulles's foreign-affairs establishment. One thing they do not control is Communications. Early this year, a rumor flew about Department corridors that McLeod was maneuvering to snap up that division as well. It turned out to be false. "I don't need the cables," he told *The Reporter*. "I can see them easily enough." That he does see them—along with any other policy traffic that interests him—everyone in the service either knows or suspects.

What matters more than the fact of concentration of powers under McLeod is the concept with which he approaches them and the uses to which he and his staff of more than a thousand put them.

A policeman is paid to keep an eye on suspicious characters down the block and make sure all doors are locked. McLeod and his fellow agents are clearly well-trained house detectives, and there is general respect for their work at spotting outside eavesdroppers and careless officials and double-checking any leads to actual subversion. But a house dick's negative mentality has limitations when you give him something really big to accomplish. Thus, during the first ten months of McLeod's administration of the Refugee Relief Act, written to authorize over 200,000 emergency entries, double and triple security checks resulted in enabling only nine aliens to enter the country under its terms. "You can imagine what would happen," said McLeod's program chief, Robert C. Alexander, "if we made a single mistake."

But something more than just the FBI approach dictated McLeod's response to President Eisenhower's Order 10450, which called on Department chiefs to specify any "sensitive" position on their roster, the holders of which would then be subjected to a "full-field" investigation. Unlike the previous Truman order, which had required the government to produce evidence of disloyalty against a man before he could be fired under it, 10450 made people dismissable simply on "suitability" grounds. If a man happened to have a Communist landlord or an elderly maiden aunt still living in Warsaw (these are actual cases), it could be shown by an enterprising SY man that his continued employment was not "clearly consistent with the interests of the national security." In non-Federalese English, "When in doubt, throw him out."

Entering Dean Acheson's old preserves seventeen months ago, McLeod was frankly anxious to throw the maximum out, and he told his investigators to be "completely ruthless." A device lay at hand: It was to declare that in the State Department, not just key positions but *every* position was "sensitive" under the terms of 10450, and thereby to subject every employee right down to the last warehouse assistant to a search into all he had ever done, said, written, or read. "Usually, somewhere, you turn up *something*," a SY investigator remarked to me. McLeod himself, in an interview given last January to the friendly *U.S. News & World Report*, stated that in per-

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haps fifty per cent of his investigations, "you develop . . . so-called derogatory information"—which he then translated to mean, "you run into somebody who doesn't like the man." "You see," McLeod's alter ego, Dennis Flinn, explained to me, "we've done better than any other department."

Every Man a 'Case'

Most officers whom I have queried do not agree that McLeod's group has done so well. The effects on morale of turning loose a task force to ferret out at high speed the life histories of eleven thousand employees have been widely and unfavorably reported. The effect on day-to-day operations, at a critical period in our foreign relations, has been equally crippling.

Not only new appointments but assignments, transfers, and promotions of officials already in the service have been held up for six and even nine months, since no personnel action can now be taken until SY has completed its full study of the "case." In mid-June, the pivotal Operations Coordinating Board was still awaiting clearance of Department officials requested for its staff in 1953, while at overseas missions some six hundred positions to which officials had been assigned similarly stayed unfilled. In the particularly urgent area of communications, some forty overseas code-clerk posts were empty, also awaiting McLeod's green light.

TO HELP with his Herculean task, McLeod has had to hire a battalion of new investigators, building up to a force of 350, including 120 borrowed from the Civil Service Commission—a number greater than the size of the entire State Department on the eve of the First World War. Trained men, particularly "evaluators," he admits, are hard to find these days. Other government agencies and private industries are also busy taking on fresh squads of such talent. Dennis Flinn, who hires them, has observed that most of those he can get are very young men who have never had a job before; but, he adds confidently, "I insist on a college education." These young men are the ones visitors have noticed ambling in numbers up and down the State Department corridors during the past year, checking names on doors against those they carry in identical little black loose-leaf books, and then entering to interrogate veteran officers on how they have spent their careers. Here are some questions they have asked:

Of an officer accredited to the legitimate (Republican) government at Madrid during the Spanish Civil War: "Did you have any contact with the Rebels? The Communists, I mean."

Of a former consul-general: "At what age were you married? Did you have sexual intercourse before marriage?"

Of a diplomat who had served in Finland while it was in the war on the Axis side: "So you were working to get Finland and Russia to agree? Hm. Let's see, who was President then?"

"Yes, I've had trouble with some of our boys," Flinn admits. "They handled officers as if they were starters, too, and wanted to know their qualifications for the job." A policy official put it rather differently: "The trouble with these boys is that they don't know, period. By sending droves of them all over the lot, McLeod has actually made it more difficult to take a searching, grown-up look at what's *really* sensitive. A security system shouldn't be cops-and-robbers stuff, but a means to an end."

BUT WHAT actually is the purpose of the system, as McLeod and his clan see it? "In a sense, I am a politician," he stated in his first major speech, given before the American Legion convention at Topeka a year ago, "in that I was appointed by the present Administration to a political office"—which surprised those who thought he had been appointed to a security office. Then he went on to state his object clearly: The Department must be purged of traitors, homosexuals, and bad risks, certainly, but also of Democrats. "Sometimes," he lamented, "it is extremely difficult because of the Civil Service Act, the Veterans' Preference Act, and the Foreign Service Act to replace an individual whose viewpoint does not coincide with that of the Republican Party. . . . Until such time as we can re-educate those employees or replace them with proper personnel the progress which we make is sometimes very slow." In another speech, before the Rock Creek Republican Women's Club in Washington, he stated that his object was not to establish "if a man is loyal or disloyal, but if he is a good security risk"—and what was a good risk? "Not *all* New Dealers are necessarily security risks," he added with a laugh.

The Nouveaux Risks

A "holdover," though, could readily be made to seem like a risk. There was the case of Reed Harris, deputy chief of the Department's Information Program and a survivor of seventeen years in government, who was shown back in his college days to have written a heated attack on commercialized campus football, and whose resignation was brought about through prearranged signals between McLeod and the McCarthy Committee. Two of his key subordinates in Information—a happy hunting ground for "scalps"—were ousted on sexual grounds: They weren't charged with anything perverse, simply with some affairs with women that made them vulnerable to the new Puritans. In the case of the veteran career diplomat Charles E. Bohlen, McLeod interceded personally at the White House to fight his appointment as ambassador to Moscow on the ground that his participation at Yalta and other conferences under the Democratic régime made him a "public-relations risk."

Next came the case of Bohlen's brother-in-law, Charles W. Thayer, also a prominent career officer long experienced in Russian affairs, whom McLeod "got" (Under Secretary Donold B. Lourie concurring and Secretary Dulles looking the other way) when he could not get Bohlen. Thayer's dismissal was calculated to shock the entire Foreign Service into awareness as to where the new power lay.

Most recently, the top case on SY's list has been that of career officer John Paton Davies, Jr., the Old China Hand who, after having been cleared in eight investigations of the charges hurled at him by Senators McCarthy and Jenner, in June was haled into the dock for his ninth.

Although McLeod wanted Republicans to take over, he was particular about what kind. In his

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Wichita speech a year ago, he remarked, "The progress toward change has not been as rapid as many of us had hoped it would be," implying that the moderates around Dulles were holding him back. Last December, the warning from McLeod's camp became unmistakable: David Lawrence's *U.S. News & World Report* came out with an unsigned six-page blast that had evidently been fed it by interested sources inside the Department ("Turmoil Inside the State Department: Acheson Men Cling to Power, Republicans Struggle to Get In"), in which a dozen anonymous and unidentified officials were quoted as attacking top appointees such as Assistant Secretaries Walter S. Robertson and Samuel C. Waugh and also Under Secretary Walter Bedell Smith on grounds of harboring "holdovers" and the holdover mentality. The hero of the piece—which was reputed to have been "set up" by a particularly zealous employee of McLeod's, now safely tucked away in the Historical Section—was McLeod himself, whom Smith and the others were said to have "boxed in."

The *U.S. News* story made statements so wild that Under Secretary Smith "blew his top" and succeeded in getting editor Lawrence to print corrections next month. For instance:

Charge, December 18: "The new chief of the Policy Planning Staff, put in by the Republicans, actually served as a policy aide to Acheson. His deputy is a New Dealer who was trained by Felix Frankfurter."

Correction, January 15: "The new chief of the Policy Planning Staff is Robert R. Bowie. He never served as a policy aide to Acheson—he never even worked in the Department in Washington. . . . As for his deputy chief, he is Jacob Beam, a Foreign Service career officer who was not trained by Supreme Court Justice Frankfurter, and doesn't even know him."

'If They Don't Like It . . .'

To McLeod and his team, the idea of a professional nonpartisan service to conduct our foreign affairs is something alien, even un-American. Like his friend George Wilson at Personnel, McLeod mistrusts many of the ways of our diplomatic corps: "It should be remade into a mold more American and less European," he told a home state paper, the Des Moines *Register,* "U.S. diplomats imitate the dress, accents, mannerisms and even the thinking of foreigners." To *The Reporter,* he was more brusque: "They think they can make policy in a vacuum . . . They're happy when they get the next pay check." And to one of his own security lieutenants stationed in mid-Europe, who reported to him last year that Foreign Service officers were growing restive about their delayed promotions, he remarked bluntly, "Look, I'm sitting on those myself. If they don't like it, they can get the hell out."

To the Victor . . .

The Foreign Service Institute, training ground of young officials, also saw a new point of view taking over when it fell into the lap of educators McLeod and Wilson last year. They doubted the value of such professional schooling—certainly as it had been given—and entirely suspended its intermediate course, letting its director out and installing a caretaker until they could decide what disposition to make of it. Of this stopgap appointee, Edward J. Bash, formerly with the Department of Agriculture, the Wriston Committee on Foreign Service Reorganization reported in June: "He does not pretend to have the accepted characteristic of 'an educational leader of distinction.'" The content of those courses that did survive was checked by SY investigators, who sat in on seminars taking notes. Special SY clearances were required for anyone invited to lecture at the school.

In order to free key foreign-affairs positions from professionalism and open them to deserving Republicans, McLeod last year asked the Civil Service Commission to turn back more than three hundred from the career service to the status of political appointees. This is also known as the spoils system. The Commission grudgingly released about a hundred. Then McLeod set about similarly getting his SY investigators "exempted," which caused an uproar in the ranks of veteran SY men when they saw their established rights of tenure threatened by political appointments dependent entirely on McLeod's whim. By last February, some twenty of his most experienced men had quit, and one of them, William D. Huskey, special

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agent in charge of guarding foreign visitors, walked out charging that McLeod had created "an atmosphere of fright and intimidation."

But the problem of getting higher jobs unstuck still bedevils McLeod, and sometimes drastic remedies have to be applied. Some months ago, Assistant Secretary Samuel C. Waugh of Economic Affairs was confronted with information from McLeod's office to the effect that a certain man on his staff was a "risk" and had to go. Waugh challenged his judgment. Then it emerged that McLeod's office had been particularly anxious to "open up" that spot because it had an office seeker all ready and waiting for it. "I don't mind taking in Republicans," another high official told me. "I'm a Republican myself. But I do object to taking in ward heelers."

The McLeod Dossier

Who is this man, and how did he get the job?

R. W. Scott McLeod was born forty years ago in Davenport, Iowa, and in his boyhood moved to "acreage" in Ottumwa and then to Cedar Rapids, where his father managed to give him $100 and one suit of clothes to attend Grinnell College. After trying to pay his way there by working a laundry and dry-cleaning route while also playing quarterback, he had to drop out after freshman year to earn money. ("Of course," he recalls, grinning, "the school didn't win a game after I left. They all came around to see if I was coming back.") After a year of odd jobs he *was* back, a sophomore whose deity was Harry Hopkins and whose roommate—so one Washington correspondent understood him to say—was a district organizer for the Communist Party. In response to my own inquiry, McLeod amended this to say that the young Communist simply roomed on "the same floor" with him, and that the chap was "theoretical, not practical." In any case, it is not known whether this derogatory information is contained in McLeod's own SY dossier. Meanwhile, he had taken to trying his hand at journalism, writing a column for the campus paper and editing the college annual, *Zephyr*.

On being graduated, he called at the employment office of the Des Moines *Register*, where he got a job —not as a reporter, but only as an adtaker at $17 a week. "I was a terribly ambitious kid," he recalls, "and I took this disappointment very hard." Then he turned his back on Harry Hopkins, he says, and on the New Deal as a "philosophy of despair." By 1938 he had found himself a police reporter's job on the Cedar Rapids *Gazette*, whose editor was Verne Marshall, soon to become one of the most voluble leaders with Charles A. Lindbergh of the isolationist America First group. McLeod became Marshall's protégé on the paper.

By 1941, the zealous Verne Marshall had been fired from the paper as his cause declined, and McLeod was casting about for other employment. His work as a police reporter had brought him into contact with the regional FBI office, which after Pearl Harbor was having difficulties recruiting new men. McLeod was inducted as an FBI special agent and soon assigned to Concord, New Hampshire, where he remained until 1949.

In Concord, McLeod one day called on Senator Styles Bridges to express his appreciation of a bill for improved FBI pensions which Bridges had backed, and therewith a friendship began. In 1949, Bridges took him, as his administrative assistant, to Washington where McLeod worked hard for his chief and got to know such important men as Senators McCarthy and McCarran. (George Wilson was simultaneously doing similar work for Senator Knowland.) McLeod's skills in the political field first appeared in the spade work he did for Bridges's share in the dissenting Senate tract denouncing the dismissal of General MacArthur and the Administration's entire Far Eastern policy ("Individual Views of Certain Members of the Joint Committee on Armed Services and Foreign Relations"). Then, when 1953 came around, Donold B. Lourie, who had been tapped as Under Secretary for Administration and was looking for an assistant who stood in well with the McCarthy-McCarran-Bridges wing on the Hill, heard of McLeod. "Fine appointment," said Senator McCarthy, "excellent man . . ."

'Is That Bad?'

Secretary Dulles, for his part, was little interested in the matter of who was to be his new SY chief. As he told Secretary Acheson in their brief meeting just before the changeover, his intention was to rid himself of the administrative problems of the Secretaryship and devote his attention to high policy. In fact, it was not until a New York *Times* reporter confronted him that Dulles even became aware that McLeod had been given not only SY but

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Personnel as well. "Is that bad?" he asked innocently. When told that in any case it was unprecedented, he simply answered, "I leave these things to Smith."

While Dulles remained above the smoke, a contest for position had been going on between Walter Bedell Smith, an Eisenhower man, and the other Under Secretary, Lourie, and his men, all built up in the desire to appease non-Eisenhower Republicans on the Hill. Within a few months McLeod was able to say: "For the first time in twenty years . . . the House Un-American Activities Committee under Chairman Velde, the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee under Senator Jenner, and the Special Investigating Subcommittee under Senator McCarthy have received the complete and unequivocal support of the State Department." One of his first acts, as his Iowa newspaper friend Clark Mollenhoff reported it to the Des Moines *Register,* was to reach a "compromise" with Senator McCarthy whereby the Senator's long-standing demand for classified State Department personnel files would be met by giving him information from them "when deemed proper," although the files themselves would not be handed over. By April, a flow of such information was moving from McLeod's office to the committee, and Roy Cohn, for instance, showed himself to be in possession of the minutest details of a strictly confidential Department Loyalty Review Board "interrogatory" as sworn to by one official.

Bridges to McCarthy to McCarran

Another close contact for McLeod at the other end of town remained his former employer, Senator Bridges, to whom in March he leaked the advance information that Charles Bohlen was to be picked as Ambassador to Moscow. Bridges told McCarthy, who told Senator McCarran, who made a denunciatory speech that blew the story's lid. This tactic, especially when he followed it up by going around to see Major General Wilton Persons, the President's own liaison man with Congress, to ask support in blocking the Bohlen nomination, almost cost McLeod his job. Secretary Dulles stated somberly to the press that he himself must have "final responsibility" in the matter of clearing or not clearing Bohlen, and Under Secretary Smith was detailed to demand McLeod's resignation. But within a few days, the Department thought better of it.

Again, last February, McLeod took off from his post to make a series of political speeches around the country. When a Civil Service Commissioner stated that this appeared to be a violation of the Hatch Act, once more there was talking of "doing something about" McLeod. But again the Department thought better of it, ruling that McLeod was exempt from the ban on political activity that applies to most Federal employees.

The Price

Today, the total price of not having done something about McLeod—and of taking him and his team in the first place—can be reckoned. Figures do not tell the story, since SY distorts them; the price is written down in the breakdown of the integrity of the government's No. 1 civilian department. On actual casualties, McLeod testified in January before the House Appropriations Committee that last year 534 "risks" had been dropped, of whom eleven were ousted for "pro-Communist activities or associations." But it has since appeared that about half of those "dropped" were in fact just transferred to other U.S. agencies, and McLeod will give out no details as to how many—if any—have been fired on evidence of actual disloyalty. He admitted he couldn't find any trace of a list of fifty-seven alleged Communists in the Department that McCarthy claimed to have seen; he has yet to point to any one man or woman actually charged with subversion. He states that only eleven suspects so far have made use of the appeals machinery set up to rehear cases, from which he argues that the rest, by implication, have thereby admitted their "guilt." Of course this leaves out of account all those who have been too terrified to brave a second round with McLeod, with its possible legal cost and public pillorying, and who have preferred just to drop out of sight quietly.

'Just in Case'

McLeod and his team do not admit that letters have been opened, rooms have been wired, reading matter checked, or telephone conversations tapped. Yet a career Minister attests that letters coming to him through the Foreign Service mail room have been steamed open "in a very amateurish way." Officials on the Policy Planning Staff have charged—as reported in the New York *Times* last March 7—that SY

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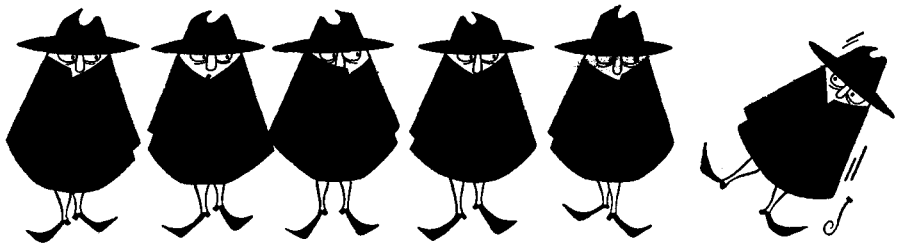


investigators have been put on their trail to discover which of them read officially circulating copies of certain magazines, including *The Reporter*. Although both McLeod and Flinn insist that offices have not been wired, most officials don't believe them and guard their talk closely, "just in case." When I discussed with McLeod's top adviser, former editor Frank Waldrop, allegations that diplomats abroad were now reluctant to present objective reports in their dispatches, for fear that SY might subsequently hold something against them, he exclaimed, "Any man who doesn't report the truth ought to be fired." Yet at the same time a young secretary formerly with the FBI has been assigned to the "highly sensitive" Policy Planning Staff, whose members have observed her reading and making notes on old dispatches.

THE new system, in short, has outgrown even its originator. Sustained by his all-pervasive agents, it has become one of actual or implied blackmail. Throughout the "10450" manhunt this year, junior officers have been called on by SY agents to tell all they know about their supervisors' habits. In turn, the secretary of a junior on the West European desk, when reprimanded for dawdling, threatened to go to McLeod and tell all she thought of *him*. A security limbo exists into which officials pass when SY finds something against them—not enough to cause suspension or dismissal, but just enough to make SY veto their promotion or assignment to especially important jobs; and there are stories around the corridors about how even an anonymous denunciation by a rival can land you in this particular degree of hell.

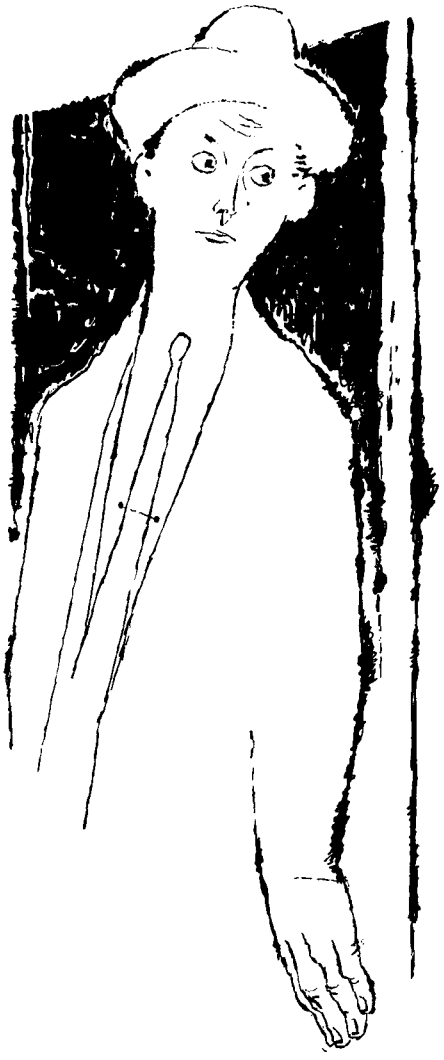
"Risks," furthermore, are earmarked for firing without notice to their immediate superiors who are in the best position to know their performance. If a superior wants to stick his neck out and fight for retaining someone branded a "risk" by SY, he must do so in a paper that then goes into his own dossier—with the result that in case further derogatory material turns up (as an SY man put it to me) "It's *his* neck."

'A Damned Fine Kid'

In this condition, Dulles's Department has inevitably become so fear-ridden and flat as to convey an absence of tone. A British diplomat assigned to Washington remarked to me, "From one day to the next, I can't find out any more what your people are thinking. They're either jumpy or silent. I can't learn what their long view is—if they have a long view." Middle-rank advisers in particular, often the suppliers of new ideas or approaches, are now little heard from; the key Policy Planning Staff, which used to meet daily, now has so little to say that it gets together only every second or third week.

While political officers sit waiting at their desks, FBI veteran Flinn is today completing his investigations and busying himself, as he told me, with "developing" information as to "public-relations factors" concerning them. Frank Waldrop, the intellectual of the McLeod camp, holds forth in his book-lined mansion against "liberal crap . . . student exchange and all that crap . . ." Mr. Morton, as Assistant Secretary for Congressional Relations, privately apologizes for some of McLeod's behavior, but says that since the State Department (unlike Agriculture or Labor) has no "constituents," it must go out of its way to making itself palatable up on Capitol Hill. "Scotty," he tells me, "is a damned fine kid."

WHEN Dulles took in "Scotty," he evidently thought he was buying a man who could persuade the extreme right wing on the Hill to take its heat off the Department. Instead, he bought a system that has turned *up* the heat and means to keep it there. He did not stop to think that while a good policeman was needed, such a man's frame of reference was limited professionally to simple black-and-white judgments. To invite the cop upstairs to participate in complex matters of high policy and management was both to mistake the cop's qualifications and the scope of the needs. Dulles asserted he was interested only in the ends of policy, not the means. Since any means would do, McLeod's were the ones he got. And so he now must witness a law of governmental physics in operation that insists on filling that vacuum—not only with adventurers but this time with a Big Brother.



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Mendès-France After Geneva

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

TO MOST of the world's newspaper readers, the name of French Premier Pierre Mendès-France now means peace in Indo-China, which is either a "tragic loss" or an "outstanding achievement," depending on your point of view. But Mendès-France himself and the men around him have a different idea of how Indo-China fits into the scheme of things.

"All this stuff—Mendès-France's efforts to obtain peace in Indo-China, solve the problem of EDC, and revise French foreign policy generally—is just clearing the path," one of his brain trusters explained to me with an airy gesture. "The economic program is what really matters."

This is the kind of talk one used to hear from some of the more fanatical New Dealers in the early isolationist phase of F.D.R.'s Administration. In France today it is often combined with attacks on the internationalist and co-operative foreign policy of recent Governments not unlike Republican attacks against the foreign policy of Dean Acheson.

This curious mixture of reformism and near isolationism amounts to what the followers of Mendès-France like to call a "revolution." Mendès-France did not launch this "revolution." He imposed himself as its leader because he convinced others that he was the man most likely to convert its theories into practice.

UNTIL now this "revolution" has expressed itself as a ferment of French self-criticism which has spared few traditional French values or institutions, from the standards of behavior for young girls to the bookkeeping techniques of the Treasury.

But along with the literary nauseas of the intelligentsia, there has been a great deal of hard, often constructive thinking through of French problems, many unheralded advances in French science, technology, business methods, and social organization. A continuing buoyant population curve and the possibilities of new industrial growth have gradually been diverting many French eyes away from lost glories. Finally, the American ECA productivity campaigns in France have had a delayed but significant impact on French economic attitudes.

A French 'New Deal'

The result of all these influences—and of many others working in the same direction—has been a quiet but pervasive undercurrent in French politics that includes public officials, intellectuals, key civil servants, and even some businessmen and labor leaders. Mendès-France himself has helped to shape this movement by his economic writings, his vigorous and lucid political speeches and newspaper articles, and his contributions during his long chairmanship of a government commission to study the nation's economy.

Mendès-France and his followers passionately believe that it is time for radical change in France. Yet their goals do not seem revolutionary by American standards. For a good many of the group, they boil down to renovating the stagnant, technologically backward French economy and thus converting France into a modern capitalistic society. This down-to-earth goal is expressed in the new Government's economic program, which represents a serious start toward wholesale and rapid modernization. Its plans call for overhauling and expanding production in agriculture, export industries, and housing.

The large-scale construction of workers' low-rental housing is its core. This is intended not only to solve France's worst social problem but to achieve far-reaching economic objectives, among them to attract labor to parts of the country where industrial development has been held back by manpower shortages. Above all, the housing program is intended to become the catalyst of the new French economy. It is supposed to create a mass market for a variety of industrial products and services.

To carry out the economic program as a whole, the Government counts on selective tax revision, tariff manipulations, subsidies, and public investment. The inflationary effects of the huge investments required would be counterbalanced by drastic reductions in nonproductive government expenses, including armaments, and by attempts to avoid an immediate general increase in consumption. The program implies an attack on economic lobbies and trusts, particularly in the agricultural field. But it is still hard to tell how far the Government will dare to push the attack.

THE FACT that the program is both expansionist and anti-inflationary reflects Mendès-France's own subtle

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and complex mind. Though his views on the importance of sound money and a balanced budget could be endorsed by American conservatives of the George Humphrey—or even the Calvin Coolidge—stripe, he considers himself in the French political spectrum a man of the Left and likes to compare his economic program with the New Deal.

During Mendès-France's unsuccessful bid for the Premiership last summer, he startled both his friends and his adversaries in the National Assembly by declaring that his three most admired political models were Raymond Poincaré, on whose classical monetary policies he wrote a laudatory university thesis; Léon Blum, the Socialist leader under whom Mendès-France served as an Under Secretary of State for the Treasury in the prewar Popular Front; and General Charles de Gaulle. In American terms this is roughly equivalent to saying that one is simultaneously a political disciple of Robert Taft, Franklin Roosevelt, and Douglas MacArthur.

This bespeaks a certain hardheaded pragmatism. The people around Mendès-France have political ideals and principles, but they have few shibboleths and stereotypes—a striking change from former generations of politically conscious Frenchmen.

The Machine of Feeling

To the general public and even to most of his political colleagues, Mendès-France appears above all to be an implacable realist, an almost inhuman logician, a sort of unerring and unemotional political calculating machine. But underneath this surface there is a very different man. The contrast was pointed up sharply in the famous episode of his escape from the infirmary of the military prison of Clermont-Ferrand, near Vichy, on the night of June 21, 1941, after his conviction on a fake desertion charge. Like everything that Mendès does, the escape was planned meticulously and executed boldly. Not a detail was left to chance, down to the sleeping pills for his cellmate (Mendès-France left a note for the authorities explaining what he had done so that the man would not be implicated), the footholds on the wall which he memorized so as to be able to climb in the dark, and the false clues as to his ultimate destination—an art Mendès has subsequently perfected. The timing, above all, was carefully worked out.

There was only one slip. It came after the fugitive, wearing an old

blue sweater and a nascent beard, smoking a pipe to have an excuse for keeping his hand over the lower part of his face, found himself sitting in the train for Grenoble with one other traveler—a member of Marshal Pétain's feared and hated Legion. The Legionnaire opened conversation with a tirade against the Jews, who he said were responsible for all France's woes. Mendès-France, who comes from a proud Sephardic family, has violent feelings on the subject of anti-Semitism, but, like the disciplined conspirator that he knows how to be, he listened patiently. He continued to hold himself in when the Legionnaire denounced Mendès-France's hero, Léon Blum, the Popular Front in which he had been a Minister, and even the Republic itself to which he had been devoted all his life. Then the Legionnaire sang the praises of Pétain—to whom Mendès had left a scathing letter back in his cell—winding up by declaring ecstatically that even Jeanne d'Arc was nothing alongside the heroic figure of *le Maréchal*.

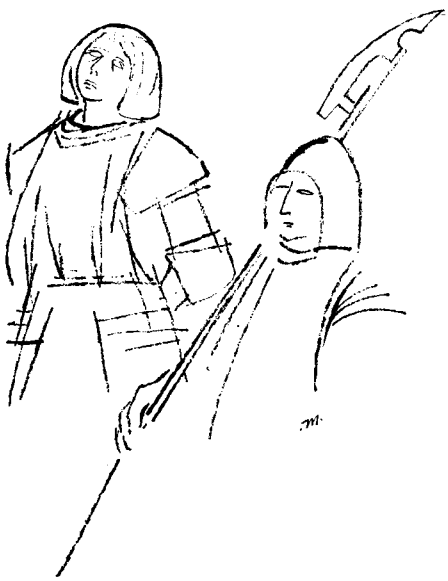
That was too much for Mendès-France. Jeanne d'Arc is a Catholic saint and a particular object of veneration for people like the Royalist rowdies who had broken his nose in a students' brawl years before, but she is also to all Frenchmen the symbol of everything that is most sacred about France as a nation. For Frenchmen like Mendès-France, the idea of the nation is something beyond reason and beyond calculation.

"You're quite right," he lashed back at the Legionnaire with savage irony. "Jeanne d'Arc was un-French. She was the kind of person who wouldn't recognize the armistice if she were alive today and would want to go on fighting. Pétain would have put her in jail."

MENDES-FRANCE himself almost ended up back in jail as a result of his outburst. Later he admitted that his behavior was not very prudent on the part of a notorious enemy of the Vichy régime who had escaped from prison only a few hours before. Mendès-France does not commit such imprudences very often, but his most engaging quality is that sometimes he does. This up-to-date economist and old-fashioned patriot is a calculating machine with a human heart, a strangely romantic realist, a mixture of passion and logic, of science and mysticism. In short, he is typically French, and strikingly characteristic of the political movement he heads.

Like their leader, his colleagues, collaborators, and inner circle of followers pride themselves on their realism and their rigorous political logic. They seem convinced that politics is an exact science—which they have mastered.

And yet despite the precision with which Mendès-France lays his plans, it was a show of emotion that finally won the Premiership for him. At one



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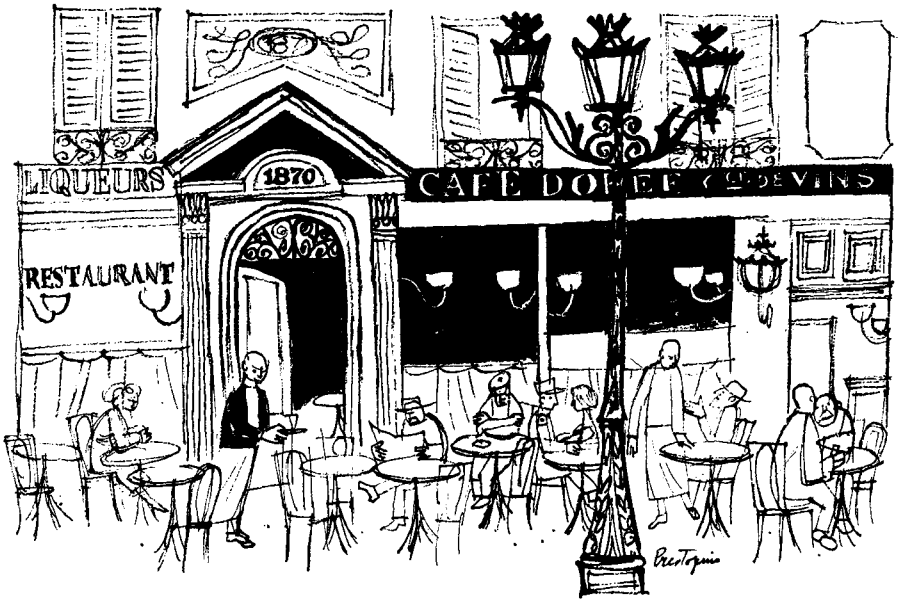
point in the debate on his proposed policies, a French newspaperman overheard one of Mendès-France's brain trusters exclaim, "Mendès is finished; he let them murder him!"

What saved Mendès-France was the short and emotional speech he made at the end of the session rejecting the votes of the Communists because a few weeks earlier they had remained seated while the rest of the Assembly rose in homage to the heroes of Dienbienphu.



Such intrusions of the wayward and sentimental into the "exact" science of politics are brushed aside by Mendès-France's followers. Though they consider Marx as outdated, regard most of the current Communist economists as charlatans, and criticize even the French Socialists for being too doctrinaire, the theoreticians in the Mendès-France movement seem to accept the Marxist view of the primacy of economics in shaping politics. For example, the Government's economic planning is based on an economic laboratory, complete with electronic brain and inspired by the doctrines of the Harvard School of Business Administration.

Scientific economy seems to be the Goddess of Reason in the Mendès-France "revolution." Like her earlier incarnation, she has a pronounced streak of the irrational dynamism which the French call a *mystique*. This *mystique* includes some of the humanitarian idealism that was a major feature of the American New Deal, but its deepest and strongest element seems to be a resurgence of the vibrant French nationalism that was unleashed by the original French Revolution.

The Empiricist Manifesto

More eloquent, however, than any official acts or statements of the new Government is a recent book entitled *Revolution, Dernière Chance de la France,* by Maurice Lauré, who at thirty-seven is Deputy Director General of the Tax Division of the Ministry of Finance. Lauré is not known as a member of the Mendès-France brain trust or inner circle, but he has apparently been thinking along closely parallel lines. At any rate, his book was strongly plugged by *L'Express,* the remarkable new weekly paper that has played a prominent role in Mendès-France's rise to power.

Lauré traces the decline of France as a great power to its industrial stagnation over the last fifty years, finds that only an economic revolution can restore the nation's greatness, and concludes that such a revolution is possible. Through revolution, France can become a great world power again within a fairly short time. Without this revolution, it is doomed to extinction as an independent nation, for on the basis of Lauré's study of the Soviet economy, within six years at the present rate of growth the average Soviet citizen will have a higher standard of living than the average French citizen. This situation, Lauré declares, will automatically and quickly assure the triumph of Communism in France.

Many economists consider the Soviet statistics on living standards so misleading as to invalidate this pessimistic forecast. But the figures on which it is based are widely quoted and believed in western Europe.

Lauré makes it clear that he is not opposed to European integration, but like many other Frenchmen he feels that France in its present state of economic weakness would be swallowed up by a too tightly knit European Community, and he does not believe that the European ideal has any strong emotional appeal for the French masses.

This conception of France's role in relation to Europe is important because it expresses and to some degree reconciles two contradictory tendencies of the changes that are taking place in France. The movement is both nationalist and internationalist.

"France Stands Up; Adenauer Surprised" is the cock-crowing headline on an editorial in the July 10 issue of *L'Express,* which goes on to note: ". . . an unexpected phenomenon—the Quai d'Orsay is suddenly occupied by a man who represents the people. That's a revolution."

The Mendès-France group is less enthusiastic about European federation than the clerical M.R.P. of Georges Bidault and Robert Schuman or the Conservative Independents of Antoine Pinay. The new movement is nationalist in the sense that it aims at promoting French interests and projecting French influence abroad. But it is internationalist in recognizing that this can only be done in a framework of international co-operation—especially European and Atlantic co-operation. If Mendès-France puts less emphasis on Europe and on co-operation with America than his predecessors, it is mainly because he would like to base his foreign policy on close ties with Britain within the Atlantic Alliance.

The Brain Trust

Mendès-France's own brain trust is a tightly knit and smoothly functioning team. It is headed by Georges Boris, a veteran Socialist journalist and former very close associate of Léon Blum. At sixty-odd, Boris is the graybeard of the group. The other

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members are all extremely young by French political standards (Mendès-France himself is forty-seven). The two outstanding brain trusters are Simon Nora, an Inspector of Finances who is regarded as one of the most brilliant economists in France, and Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber, editor of *L'Express*.

Centering around Servan Schreiber's paper as contributors, advisers, backers, or simply well-wishers is a more varied group of political thinkers and leaders. Intellectually they are fairly homogeneous, but they represent a wide range of political affiliations. They include Gaullists, Socialists, Independent Conservatives, and members of the M.R.P., which is headed by Mendès-France's great adversary, Georges Bidault.

The parliamentary majority on which the Government depends is, of course, more heterogeneous than the *Express* group, and sooner or later parts of it are bound to split off. But in the process there is also a good chance that Mendès-France will split up the opposition parties and form a new political group with a power and a stability that have been rare in recent French history. For many months the movement has been quietly eroding the traditional parties.

Since Mendès-France's accession to the Premiership the process has accelerated, though many politicians who were already won over by his ideas are still held back from joining the movement by personal and party loyalties.

But they cannot hold back much longer if Mendès-France succeeds in clearing the parliamentary hurdles—the European Defense Community and his economic program—still facing him.

DRAMATIC as it was, the personal tour de force of Mendès-France at Geneva was not the principal test of his ability to be an enduring Premier of France. On the issue of getting out of Indo-China, he was leading a nation that desperately wanted to be led in the direction it wanted to go. Now if he can succeed in putting together a coalition of French political forces that moves in the direction of his own thinking about how to revive the French economy, his movement will truly deserve to be called a "revolution."

Vermont Eloquence

Senator Ralph Flanders (R., Vermont) has recently been saying some things that very much need saying—and saying them uncommonly well. We think our readers will be interested in a brief anthology.

NOW THE QUESTION before the Nation is this: Is the necessary housecleaning the great task before the United States, or do we face far more dangerous problems, from the serious consideration of which we are being diverted by the dust and the racket? It is the deep conviction of the junior Senator from Vermont that we are being diverted, and to an extent dangerous to our future as a nation. He feels called upon to say to the junior Senator from Wisconsin, "Right about face." Having looked inward so long, let him now look outward.

In this battle of the age-long war, what is the part played by the junior Senator from Wisconsin? He dons his war paint. He goes into his war dance. He emits his war whoops. He goes forth to battle and proudly returns with the scalp of a pink Army dentist. . . .

—Speech in the Senate, Mar. 9, 1954

WE HAVE marveled at the way in which the Soviet Government has won its military successes in Asia without risking its own resources or its own men. It has been willing to continue the conflict until the last Chinese Communist is killed.

What we are now seeing is another example of economy of effort and expansion of success in the conquest of this country for Communism. The preliminary campaign is successfully underway. One of the characteristic elements of Communist and Fascist tyranny is at hand, as citizens are set to spy upon each other. Established and responsible government is besmirched. Religion is set against religion, race against race. Churches and parties are split asunder. All is division and confusion.

Were the junior Senator from Wisconsin in the pay of the Communists, he could not have done a better job for them.

—Speech in the Senate, June 1, 1954

THE PRIVILEGE that the junior Senator from Wisconsin is asking is that of, being sole private eye, prosecutor, judge, a jury, and sentencer in himself with no authority over him whatsoever by the committee, by the Congress, by the people of the United States, or by the President of the United States. That is what he is asking and that is so clear, so clearly in the direction of fighting Communism with Fascism that I am seriously concerned, and this is where I take off right now. This little difficulty that we're in is not a difficulty of this 83rd Congress. It is not a difficulty of this administration. It is not a difficulty of this generation. It is not a difficulty of this century. It is a difficulty of the last fifteen hundred years when western civilization began and which now—if we do not see what is happening and do not know what to do about it—is going to see the end of this fifteen hundred years of western civilization. That's the stage on which this little incident is being played. And anyone who doesn't see it as the crisis of western civilization, is blind. And that is where the concern for these things comes, not in the political fortunes of an individual, not in the political fortunes of a party. . . .

—"Meet the Press," June 13, 1954

OUR PARTY is 100 years old this year. . . . May I say to my fellow Republicans that we have been on the way for one hundred years. We have come at the end of this century to a parting of the ways. On the one hand we move in the path and under the influence of the great Lincoln. If we turn the other way we choose the leadership of the junior Senator from Wisconsin. In the words of Joshua, who led the children of Israel into the Promised Land, "Choose you this day whom you will serve."

—Speech in the Senate, July 20, 1954

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Chinese Co-ed In a Communist College

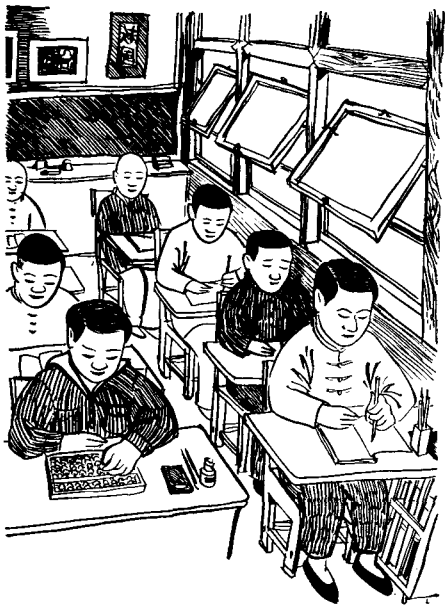
MARIA YEN

EXCEPT FOR the prompt banishment of the food hawkers who had set up little stalls outside the main entrance to sell the students breakfast, the physical look of the dormitories at Peita University in Peking didn't change much during the first year after the Communist "Liberation" in 1948. (The hawkers were chased away because the school authorities wanted to encourage all of us to get up early enough to eat breakfast so that sleepy students wouldn't waste "the sweat of the people.") But life inside the Gray Mansion, the girls' dormitory where I lived, underwent a series of adjustments.

Like their male colleagues, girls lodging in the dormitory had always selected their own roommates and then had drawn lots to determine which room they were to occupy. This process was designed to avoid arguments over who was to get priority for the rooms with the most light, the rooms closest to the bathroom, etc. But now it was decided that to encourage more "group consciousness," students from the same class and department should room together. Our new student leaders drew up the housing lists and took care to ensure that a party member, a Youth League comrade, or at least an acknowledged "progressive" was assigned to every section of each floor.

Each floor now had a "life manager" to organize what the wall newspapers were beginning to call "communal living." When the life managers took it upon themselves to decide for us what time we got up, what time we went to bed, whom we ate with at what table, and when we had to sit down to review our school work in a group, they stirred up noticeable resentment. Later on the life managers even told us when we were expected to attend certain motion pictures together. By that time, however, even the most individualistic felt themselves firmly cemented to the rest of their group.

In keeping with the austerity drive the school administration retrenched on our coal supply. Each stove in the dormitories had consumed an average of twenty-five catties a day in the old days, but the supply was now reduced to eight. In the name of this same austerity the sixty-watt light bulbs were unscrewed from our lamps and twenty-five-watt bulbs substituted. Early in the morning we had to get up for the new physical drill out in front



of the dormitories. It was still voluntary, but nonparticipation revealed to progressive students that you "had not thought things out."

Starting at seven o'clock in the morning out on the lawn for mass calisthenics, the whole daily routine displayed a new earnestness. The loud chorus in the shower room still went on, but bathers now listened to "The East is red. The sun is rising—China has produced Mao Tse-tung . . ." Communist students and their followers joined strenuously in the efforts of other students to catch up on their knowledge of Marx, Lenin, Stalin, and Mao Tse-tung and to reform their own bourgeois thinking.

It got easier and easier to follow the path of least resistance and parrot back the ideas drilled into us. It was not very intelligent to persist in independent thinking, because voicing any idea outside of the books we read and lectures we attended just led to arguments we were bound to lose. "Independent thinking" was attacked as being equal to thinking "without standpoint." And we had to say something in response to the questions. Staying silent was as bad as thinking "without standpoint."

Group Activities

In the winter I used to enjoy sitting by the window knitting. The warm sunshine rippled in and caressed your whole body. Beside you on the desk sat a cup of fragrant steaming tea; in a little while it would cool off enough for you to drink. On your lap was the sweater you were working on, so soft, so warm, it was almost an incarnation of the sun outside. Your hands moved mechanically at their work, but your mind raced free, nimble and alive, now sporting with one image, then with another. You imagined yourself as the sparrow outside, perching on a telephone pole in the bright winter sun, scratching your plumage with your beak. When you'd scratched enough, you whisked away to the ragged evergreen tree down in the court.

There on a twig in your mind's eye you saw a fat summer worm. But the worm reminded you of a caterpillar, and your mind darted to butterflies fluttering among peony blossoms. You fancied a beautiful woman in ancient costume pursuing the butterfly with a circular fan. You saw her red lips, slightly parted, the folds of her skirts sporting in the breeze.

But, "whack, whack," the thump of somebody rapping on your door. You woke and shouted your habitual "Come in, please!" In marched the progressive young man who'd been interested in you before the Liberation.

"Knitting again? You always like to shut yourself away in your room like this. Why don't you come down?"

He came up closer.

"A bunch of us are in Miss Li's

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room downstairs discussing economic measures we're going to practice as part of the New Democracy. You'll want to join in, too."

I USED TO like to waste more time lying in bed amusing myself with light reading. The summer sun was merciless, but you had already drawn the curtains and placed a fan by your side. In fact you'd already taken off your dress and were sitting on your bed, your hair mussed, fanning away and humming fragments of a little tune. Then the familiar rapping on the door. You jumped up, hastily pulled your dress over your head, and ran your hands back over your hair in a hopeless attempt to make yourself presentable. In walked the same persistent young man. He looked around the whole room, took in the rumpled sheet and pillow, and discovered the political book on your desk, still unopened. Then he stared at your mussed hair and your sleepy expression.

He sat down, an earnest look on his face. "I've been wanting to have a quiet talk with you. Please sit down."

You obediently brought a chair over to where he sat. He arranged his face into a judicial look. "Now you appreciate the fact that we understand your family background very well. Your father is a petty-bourgeois intellectual. But he comes from small landlord origins. Your relatives might be called 'kindly landlords.' Yet like the rest of this class, their designs for exploitation and their feudalistic ideas are very deeply entrenched. Your mother still tends to be an old-fashioned, feudalistic woman who does not ask for liberation and who is afraid of proletarian revolution. Your sisters are largely like you. All this you admitted at your last criticism meeting. Because of your origin, you should realize, you should take special care to speed up your own reformation. You should . . ." He settled down into the same rhetoric I'd heard so often before.

ALL OF THIS was an excellent reason for spending more and more time in the library, where the signs still said QUIET! I'm afraid the "activists" sometimes disregarded even this injunction and whispered lectures to their transfixed victims.

Some of your time, however, you unavoidably had to spend in your dormitory. If your roommate happened to be in the Youth League you might have to stand her talk the last half hour or so before you both fell asleep. Your simple "Yes" or "No" wasn't enough. When she was through, she usually asked you for your opinions. If you were too sleepy to have any—or if you hadn't remembered her words very well and failed to reproduce them—you had to put up with more of her music.

The Fox Trot Is Reactionary!

Outside the dormitory, however, life wasn't confined to political discussion. The introduction of western-style ballroom dancing into China was a recent affair, its popularity limited to the big commercial ports like Shanghai. Very few of the college and middle-school students of Peking knew how to dance in this modern manner, although just after the war, when the universities moved back from the interior, folk dances from the border areas had enjoyed a vogue. Clad in the costumes of these border peoples, turbans and embroidered skirts complete with flowers, the students had chanted the words and swung round and round, enchanted with the exotic atmosphere and simple steps. The *yang-ko* introduced by the Communists capitalized on the popularity of these native dances.

But under the old régime, only one out of ten Peita students knew anything about ballroom dancing. Private parties were infrequent and students rarely went to the few foreign-style dance halls.

The old government officially frowned upon dancing parties and periodically announced a ban on public dancing, a prohibition which was blandly ignored by more sophisticated officials. Progressive students had denounced dance lovers as "too deeply immersed in petty-bourgeois consciousness and epicureanism." I can even remember vague threats: "Unless they can make up their minds to reform themselves, these frivolous people will certainly face a reckoning one day. Ballroom dancing! A man and a woman together, couple by couple—that is pure cliquism! It shows the real consciousness of the depraved exploiting class."

When they voiced these strictures on dancing, these progressives imagined that far-off Yenan, then the seat of the Communist power, frowned upon such bourgeois frivolity. But later they had to per-

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form a curious flip-flop to get themselves back on the right side; from the very same Yenan the Communist Party imported the vogue of dancing. We discovered that its cadres often threw dancing parties—not for the proletarian *yang-ko,* but for "petty-bourgeois, epicurean" ballroom dancing, men and women, paired off couple by couple.

The Fox Trot Is Progressive!

The wall newspapers began to comment on the new fashion. Ballroom dancing itself, these progressives who were so anxious to hurry back on the right side of the fence pointed out, was not very wrong. As a matter of fact, dancing was quite popular among young men and women in the Soviet Union and the new "democracies" of eastern Europe. If we did not deck out the dance halls in too much splendor, as people did in the capitalistic countries, or spend too much time on dancing, it could actually become a very good thing.

Now that dancing had been declared legal and even beneficial, the first natural consequence was a party given by Communist cadres on the campus. The big classroom in the North Mansion made a good smooth floor. With desks and chairs shoved into one corner and a sprinkle of boric acid crystals scattered on the floor, it made a very acceptable dancing pavilion.

But a classroom remained a classroom; the dancing party, therefore, was labeled a "collective lesson in ballroom dancing." Most of the progressive students invited had previously been disdainful of this art. Now that they had discovered that the Communist cadres could dance, how could they lag far behind? Besides, the wall newspapers had pointed out very clearly that it would be desirable to learn. The revolution was going faster than we had expected; it had already made the epicureanism of the petty bourgeoisie the property of the broad masses, at least as far as the broad masses were personified in us.

No paper streamers or other ornaments were hung on the wall at university dancing parties, in compliance with official instructions. No "democratic" slogans could hide the familiar, old, bare classroom walls. The chairs and desks were piled in a corner, topsy-turvy. Students all wore their everyday clothes. Even the most particular dancers only changed to leather shoes with smooth, thin soles. Very few of the boys yet had either the courage or the social experience to approach the girls in front of other people and invite them to dance.

These parties turned out to be one occasion for feminine revenge. At school we had to listen docilely while the boys preached politics at us; now it was our turn to enjoy the pleasant superiority the teacher feels over his students. So in most cases it was the girl who left one man standing, walked up to another man, and asked briskly, "A dance? You seem to have made some progress since last time. Let's try it again."

The music we shuffled and wheeled around to at these parties consisted almost entirely of old "bourgeois" dance tunes. Most of the men, however, paid attention only to their own clumsy feet. Who had attention now to spare for music or rhythm? The dancers bumped elbows, stepped on one another's feet, and rebounded off strange shoulders. Chins down against their collars, most boys watched their own steps with deadly intensity. Tugging and pushing their partners, some of them counted half-aloud, "One, two, three, four! One, two, three, four—" In the swirl one might often see a man halt abruptly—causing a whole series of collisions around him like the pile-up of pedicabs, rickshas, and bicycles on a busy street when a tram goes off the rails—and comment to his partner with a forced smile, "Sorry—it's all wrong again." The girl who was dancing with him would encourage him as she would coax a reluctant child. "It's all right—don't think about the mistakes! Don't stop! Just try to follow me."

Before the Liberation, opponents of dancing had fallen into two groups, left-leaning students and hard-working souls who didn't care about politics but who considered dancing a waste of time and an un-Chinese expression of frivolity. Now that the leftist students who had joined them in criticizing ballroom dancing in the past had become themselves the boldest and most enthusiastic exponents, the serious-minded felt that they had somehow been betrayed.

They fired questions at their former allies. "You used to attack people for dancing, didn't you? Why do you dance away like this yourself? What happened to your doctrine that a waste of time like this is petty-bourgeois selfishness?" Reluctant to admit that their previous criticism had been an unwitting "deviation," but unable to defend their present stand either, the progressives invented an ingenious way of heading off further inquiries of this type. Before the music started at a formal party, a party comrade would always stand up to make an announcement, his face aglow with amiability and good-fellowship.

"Comrades! We are here this evening to celebrate Sino-Soviet Friendship [or any other near-at-hand occasion]. So we hope everybody will give full expression to the glorious spirit of youth which throbs within him." The party comrade would spread his arms wide as if to embrace the whole crowd at once. "Fellow students—let us enjoy ourselves as thoroughly as we can." Now he would stand on his toes as if to dramatize the vitality of youth. "We dare to laugh, play, and revel. We are young! The band will start in a minute or two. To show our joy, we hope everybody will join in. None of us are experienced dancers—nobody will laugh at anybody else. Come on!" He would lift his arms again. "Fellow students, let's all join in and have a good time!"

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Piety Along the Potomac

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

SOME POLITICAL leaders have criticized us clergymen for meddling in politics; a clergyman might now respond with a complaint against politicians for meddling in religion. For some of us, the political manifestations of religion in Washington have become pretty thick. We have had opening prayers, Bible breakfasts, special church services, prayer groups, a "Back to God" crusade, and campaign speeches on "spiritual values"; now we have added a postage stamp, a proposed Constitutional amendment, and a change in the Pledge of Allegiance. The Pledge, which has served well enough in times more pious than ours, and which was written in its original godless form by a minister, has now had its rhythm upset but its anti-Communist spirituality improved by the insertion of the phrase "under God." The Postmaster General has held a dedication ceremony, at which the President and the Secretary of State explained about spiritual values and such, to launch a new red, white, and blue eight-cent postage stamp bearing the motto "In God We Trust." A bill has been introduced directing the post office to cancel mail with the slogan "Pray for Peace." (The devout, in place of daily devotions, can just read what is stuck and stamped all over the letters in their mail.) Senator Flanders has introduced a proposal to amend the Constitution to say that "this nation devoutly recognizes the authority and law of Jesus Christ, Saviour and Ruler of nations, through whom are bestowed the blessings of Almighty God."

WHAT WAS meant when preachers were accused of meddling? That our efforts, though well intentioned, were shallow and out of place, and hurt the causes we tried to help? Exactly so.

This is not to say that religion and politics don't mix. Politicians should develop deeper religious convictions, and clergymen should develop wiser political convictions; both need to relate political duties to religious faith—but not in an unqualified and public way that confuses the absolute and emotional loyalties of religion with the relative and shifting loyalties of politics.

Two religious men recently running for office illustrate the difference. One, who has a long and honored record as a leader not only in his own church but in national and world Protestant groups, and who thinks and writes about politics in explicitly Christian terms, nevertheless allowed no mention of his faith to be made in his campaign in

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Protestant Virginia; he ran on his political merits.

Another, in Oklahoma, announced his candidacy from his pulpit, dramatically told the public he would

pray all night over his decision, and toured the state claiming he would "speak for God from the Senate floor." The first of these two men illustrates a piety we praise, quietly informing the outlook of men in politics as elsewhere; the second—well, the second became the "Chaplain of the Republican Party" during the 1952 campaign, which brought a somewhat different piety to Washington.

Crusades and Prayer

That campaign was not, of course, an ordinary political campaign, but a "crusade," "soundly based on moral and spiritual values," which had as one of its major aims the "revival of the spiritual faith of our fathers." Its leader, describing his idea of a campaign to his followers, referred to Cromwell: "He bound them to a cause and the cause he used was religion. The Roundheads went off into the battle singing hymns and hewing off the heads of Cavaliers, and they did a good job of it." The crusading Republicans, who also "used" religion a bit, did a good job too. The inaugural prayer of their leader now hangs under glass on the wall of the Vice-President's office, just as "God Bless Our Home" or the Golden Rule used to hang in other pious places. After his election, the President, for the first time, joined a church and has attended regularly ever since. He has met many church groups, and to one of them he has said that he prefers his preachers to be vigorous and forthright in defense of their position. (None of the visiting clergymen thought to say that he prefers his Presidents that way too.) Cabinet meetings are now said to be started with prayer. (An irreverent Washington joke ends, "Dammit, we forgot the opening prayer.") *Life* magazine's article on the President's religion reports an increased attendance at Senate, House, and departmental prayer groups. (It also reports the complaint that these groups seem "to enjoy listening to lay speakers who easily equate piety with personal prosperity.") For the Very Big Men there are the annual prayer breakfasts of the International Council of Christian Laymen with grapefruit, scrambled eggs, a New Testament reading by Vice-President Nixon, and the singing of one of the President's favorite hymns, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus."

Some critics challenge this new piety as a religious threat to freedom of thought. One letter in *Life* after the article on the President's religion, the only one printed that failed to exhibit delight with Ike's faith, said, "He has no more justification for opening Cabinet sessions with Christian prayer than with Voodooistic rituals or Indian incantations." The Washington *Post* similarly criticized Senator Flanders's amendment because it would "write religious dogma into the law of the land." Mrs. Agnes Meyer, the wife of the *Post's* publisher, told a Unitarian group in Boston that religion had become the latest fad. "If you don't bring God into every Cabinet meeting, political convention, or other assembly, it is bad public relations," she said. She recommended that Christianity learn to "rise above orthodoxy." But there are other grounds for questioning the Washington religion: not that it will fail to rise above orthodoxy but that it will sink below, not because one fears orthodoxy but because one fears superficiality. There are plenty of "orthodox" reasons for doubts about the professional piety of contemporary Washington.

Most of these reasons are illustrated in the following story from the New York *Times* of January 19, 1953:

"Carpenters raced against time in a remote corner of the National Guard Armory here today to complete an added starter to the procession of floats in Tuesday's Inaugural Parade. To the three men who conceived the idea it is known as 'God's Float.' They hope it will come to be known as such throughout the world.

"Last week the floats were nearing completion in the armory basement. Then it was discovered by a parade official that nowhere was there to be any representation that this was a nation whose people believed in God.

"Then, in keeping with the Biblical precept, inaugural officials decided that this—the last float conceived—should be the first in the order of march.

"It will have constructed on its base a central edifice denoting a place of worship. The side aprons will carry greatly enlarged photographs of churches and other scenes of worship. In Gothic script on the sides and ends of the float will appear the legends, 'Freedom of Worship' and 'In God We Trust.' "

Show Business

The object of devotion for most political piety, as for this float, is

not God but "religion." There is here no "orthodoxy," but merely religiosity. The faith is not in God but in faith; we worship not God but our own worshiping. The symbols are "greatly enlarged photo-

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graphs" of "scenes of worship." The focus is not a Divine Being above the nations but a "strength" and an "asset" in the "national heritage," and a set of interests and institutions in the politician's constituency. There is little in this that inspires awe or thought or self-criticism; there is more that inspires pride in our own religiousness.

Since this is official religion in a land without an official religion, it cannot be very deep. The careful inoffensiveness of public office leads straight to the semi-secular religion or the semi-religious secularism which is both a convenient compromise among the wide variety of positions to which officialdom must be attentive and a very popular position in its own right. Such official religion often appears in the vestiges of a religious past which hangs on in now thoroughly secular settings: the benediction after a discussion of Fire Prevention Week, the invocation before the fight over delegates from Texas, the murmured hymn in "chapel" before the girls' glee club sings "There's NO Business Like SHOW Business."

The current wave of official piety has used all such remnants of past forms and has created new ones, like the inaugural float, synthetic and an afterthought, hastily built and raced to the front of the parade to show we are for religion. This Administration, willing to rely on slogans and gimmicks elsewhere, treats religion this way, too: a float which all the world will know as "God's float," because it has His slogans in Gothic script on the side. Of the monstrosity which resulted from this effort the *Episcopal Church News* wrote: "Remember the float representing religion in President Eisenhower's inaugural parade? Standing for all religions, it had the symbols of none, and it looked like nothing whatsoever in Heaven above, or in the earth beneath, except possibly an oversized model of a deformed molar left over from some dental exhibit."

THE CONTENT of official religion is bound to be thin; the commitment to it is also apt, now and then, to be hollow. Where everybody professionally believes something, then for some the belief may be a bit more professional than real. A float may not represent a faith integral to the participants' lives, but rather the prudent recollection by a functionary of what the public would expect; there may be somewhat more public praise of religion in general than private confrontation with religion in particular. It is almost inevitable that there be such a gap, for religion is now very

popular, and the politician's business is to know and to follow what is popular. Letters, according to the *Times* amounting to thousands daily, "flooded Congress" in support of the change in the Pledge. Newspapers (prominent among them the Hearst chain) and radio commentators endorsed it, and organizations like the Knights of Columbus gave it hearty support. Religious bodies, of course, were enthusiastic about the proposed change; one source of the idea was a prominent Washington clergyman. All this seems to have been quite impressive to Congressmen; no less than fifteen Members of the House offered bills to make the change.

Fourth of July

The support by religious groups for the new Washington piety may be somewhat automatic, like the piety it endorses: Here's something religious, so let's back it. Anyway, there is plenty of that support. Important representatives of the three major faiths attended the dedication ceremony for the new eight-cent stamp. Many church groups have commended President Eisenhower's religious activities. A recent resolution by a layman's group, for example, cites his great leadership in the direction of "witnessing for Christ." In the face of this widespread approbation, one can understand why Washington religion has the sounding of trumpets before it. We can scarcely expect the political leader to remain completely unmindful of the fact that the devout are also voters. But when religion becomes too much a part of his public attraction, there may be some difficulty even for the man himself to know what he believes and does on his own and what he believes and does as a representative of his constituency.

Elmer Davis, who has a way of saying what one wants to say better and more briefly, wrote about Independence Day a year ago: "The greatest demonstration of the religious character of this administration came on July Fourth, which the President told us all to spend as a day of penance and prayer. Then he himself caught four fish in the morning, played eighteen holes of golf in the afternoon, and spent the evening at the bridge table."

If the object of devotion is not God but "religion," and if that devotion has more public expression than private substance, then the resulting religiosity may become simply the instrument of more substantial commitments. God may be seen not as the judge but as the tool of our national purposes. He may also be used helpfully to serve a conservative social philosophy, as when the old ways in faith bless the old ways in economics. There may be a touch of this blessed conservatism, and there certainly is more than a touch of blessed nationalism, in the American Legion's "Back to God" crusade.

Mr. Nixon, speaking on behalf of it, is apparently convinced, like the Legion, that the direction in which God is to be found is "back." Mr. Nixon's remarks at that time illustrate a constant theme of Washington piety: Promote religion because it is useful to the nation in fighting Communism. He emphasized that the country's greatest asset in fighting Communism is its spiritual heritage. The note of pride and invidious self-congratulation for this "advantage" became very plain in his list of things we have that they do not. "Among the great privileges that we enjoy is the privilege of hearing President Eisenhower pray at the beginning of his inauguration. That could not happen in half the world today. We

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also have the privilege of attending the churches of our choice. That, too, could not happen in half the world today." Mr. Nixon called free worship "our greatest defense against enemies from without"; Mr. Eisenhower on a radio-TV program launching the crusade called faith "our surest strength, our greatest resource." In his remarks on the Pledge he said, "We shall constantly strengthen those spiritual weapons which forever will be our country's most powerful resource, in peace or in war." This reduction of religion to a national "resource," "advantage," "strength," and "weapon," especially useful for anti-Communist purposes, received perhaps its perfect expression from the perfect folk hero for the devotees of such an outlook, J. Edgar Hoover, when he wrote, "Since Communists are anti-God, encourage your child to be active in the church."

OFFICIALDOM prefers religion which is useful for national purposes, but undemanding and uncomplicated in itself. It also wants religion which is negotiable to the widest possible public. Therefore the official faith is easily impressed with the spread of any simple external sign of religion, however empty of content. The President praised the Legion's "Back to God" movement as a "positive act," and he said of the postage stamp that "the sender can feel he has done something positive and constructive." His picture of the result of the addition of two words to the Pledge also seems a little extravagant: "From this day forward, the millions of our school children will daily proclaim in every city and town, every village and rural school house, the dedication of our nation and our people to the Almighty. To anyone who truly loves America, nothing could be more inspiring than to contemplate this rededication of our youth, on each school morning, to our country's true meaning."

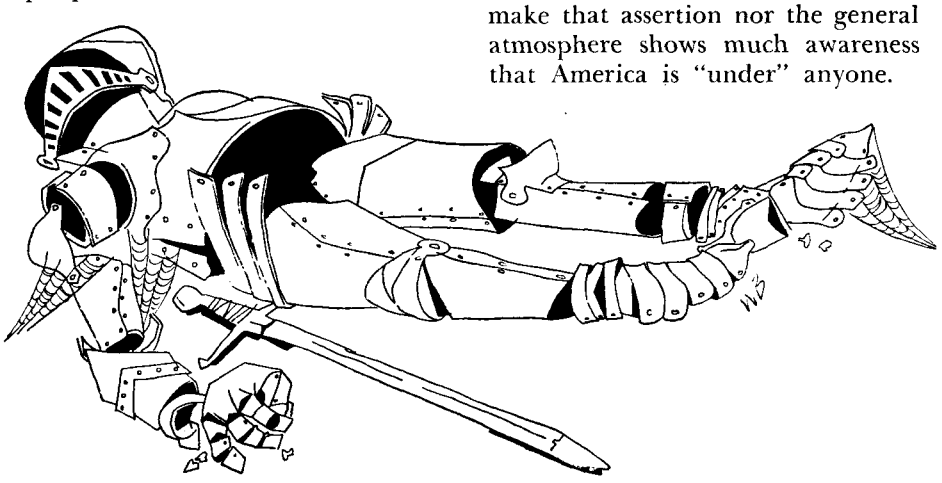
But rattling off two more words in chorus each morning is no such dedication, no more than Congress's passing the bill to change the Pledge is a dedication; sending a stamp is nothing "constructive," and a big promotion campaign with placards saying "Go to Church" is not an especially "positive act." These all may, in fact, do more harm than good, by persuading us we have done something when we have not, that we believe something that we do not, and that we are worthy of something of which we are not. To say, confidently, "In God We Trust" may obscure the fact that we don't.

All religious affirmations are in danger of standing in contradiction to the life that is lived under them, but none more so than these general, inoffensive, and externalized ones which are put together for public purposes. The "God" they mention cannot be God, for there is and can be nothing of His judgment and transcendence in them; it is exactly the judgment and transcendence of God which they must deny, for the national unity and self-confidence which they are designed to promote need a God in whom we all, of course, believe and Who in turn, of course, believes in us. He cannot be the God Whose ways are not our ways, Whose thoughts are not our thoughts, in Whom even the few believers do not fully believe, and Whose purposes are larger and different from those of the Republican Administration, America, the free world, or mankind.

'Love Thy Neighbor'

Necessarily lacking belief in such an un-American God, official piety necessarily lacks also the critical results of faith in Him. There is nothing upsetting, nothing which exposes how it really is with us, nothing which makes demands on us, in this religion of official declaration. It is self-contained, extraneous, and peripheral, a "reminder" of a religious heritage, a brief nostalgic return to the mood but not the meaning of a pious past, an old hymn at a prayer breakfast before we return to work with which it has nothing to do. Therefore what is affirmed may stand in ironic contrast to the unexamined context in which it is affirmed.

An old cartoon by Robert Day in the *New Yorker* illustrates what I mean: A street-corner evangelist whose sign reads LOVE THY NEIGHBOR shouts to a competitor, "I'm telling you for the last time—keep the hell off this corner!" Our coins and stamps and floats now proudly assert "In God We Trust," while an even more compulsively anxious security system intimidates government employees, teachers, Army officers, scientists, and citizens generally, censors books, almost closes our borders to immigrants, warps our politics, and proclaims to the world with spectacular clarity that we do not even trust our brother, whom we have seen. Congress, which shows few signs of recognizing any power other than itself, piously votes to establish, for the first time in history, a prayer room in the Capitol which is to be "a place of retreat for members who seek help from that Power outside themselves." A chief defect of the movement which labeled itself a "moral crusade" seems to be its lack of moral courage. A Washington and an America filled with nationalistic fervor, cocky, impatient with allies, threatening the United Nations, resounding with absolute claims for "Americanism," then inserts in the Pledge of Allegiance the statement that this nation is "under God." It is indeed under God, but neither the movement to make that assertion nor the general atmosphere shows much awareness that America is "under" anyone.



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Americans, Stay Here!

MARVIN BARRETT

SCARCELY A WEEK passes without some journal of opinion offering an exhaustive and convincing account of the hatred borne us by the Andaman Islanders or Paraguayans, the Khmers or Friesians or South Tyrolese. The reasons given for this hostility range from the outrageous (domestic economies ruined, daughters debauched, local dignitaries humiliated) to the preposterous (candy-bar wrappers dropped in public urinals, horns honked at pregnant goats, comments made that with a little interpretation might be taken as alluding to the Marshall Plan). The catalogue of our blunders is apparently endless. It makes perfect sense that we should be despised.

There is another side to the story, which, although it may not encourage ministers plenipotentiary or peregrinating intellectuals looking for trouble, should raise the spirits of the casual tourist who has neither ax to grind nor chip on his shoulder. Foreigners—I hesitate to say it—*like* Americans; granted a decent standard of behavior, our nationality is still overwhelmingly in our favor. This is such an unorthodox opinion that I should be reticent to offer it if twelve months of wandering through Europe and North Africa with my wife hadn't convinced me of its correctness.

With our bow ties, moccasins, and seersucker suits, cardigans and cultured pearls, our Lucky Strikes, chewing gum, and special license plates, there could be no question where we came from. Nevertheless. we haven't been so consistently approved since relatives hung over our respective cribs. In comparison to the friendliness of Palermo and Coblenz, Manhattan and Chicago are icy purgatories of suspicion and contempt. The Casbahs of Algiers and Rabat gave us a spontaneous reception that we would be mad to expect at a country club in Shaker Heights or Wichita Falls. Even in places where we loitered for several months and natives had plenty of opportunity to focus on our shortcomings, both personal and national, we rarely intercepted a disparaging remark or look.

They loved us from Mogador to Sfax, from Agrigento to Amsterdam. And we weren't that lovable. They loved us for the very reason, according to the authorities, that they should have scorned us: because we were Americans.

Clean Postcards, Signor?

We landed in Naples. Watch out there, we had been warned: After the outrages committed by the American forces during the war the natives are conscienceless. Don't buy cartons of cigarettes—the packages are stuffed with tissue paper. Don't change money on the street—they have a dreadful money trick with pins that makes a thousand lire look like ten thousand. Be careful—they are all laying for you in the Galleria Umberto; your wife will end up in an Argentine bordello.

True, the customs was unspeakable. We were required to take out a special importer's license for our tiny pocket radio and pay three times its market value in deposits. Hours were squandered in interminable interviews with sour-faced gentlemen behind enormous desks. But there was nothing special in this treatment. Native Italians all around us were suffering just as badly.

Once we were past customs, however, the Neapolitans were unwaveringly cordial. Although we stayed in Naples for several days and wandered about in Pliofilm raincoats and pastel plastic overshoes, there were no jimmied portmanteaux, no missing cameras, no snatched purses or hissed insults along the fetid back alleys where we sometimes strayed. Our hotel bill was properly totted up, and we were not provided with special tourist-price menus in the restaurants.

It was like trying to force a door only to have it flung wide under the first pressure. We were startled, thrown off balance, and, to tell the truth, a little disappointed. Perhaps the Italians didn't realize how rich we were (we were using several years' savings for our trip) and how potentially offensive. Perhaps, despite our green-and-gold passports, our Joe Prep clothes, expansive manners, and nasal speech, they didn't quite believe we were Americans.

WE STILL had a trump card left in our deck: our car, brand new and much beyond our means, which we were to pick up in a Naples garage before we left. We knew vehicles with four wheels and internal-combustion engines, regardless of size, are emblems of real affluence in Italy. Roaring about in a convertible with our aluminum luggage and slowly rotating jaws, we couldn't be mistaken for impecunious Swedes or Germans. We would have to be accepted as the repulsive real McCoy—dollar-upholstered intruders from the wrong side of the sea.

We watched the young garage attendant hungrily for any trace of hostility as we identified ourselves. But his face was wreathed in

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smiles. *"Che bella macchina!"* he said, looking at our car and then us with benevolent envy. He explained the gear shift, opened and shut the luggage compartment, and dusted the fenders lovingly.

"I have a Vespa," he confided, patting my shoulder and pointing to a shining motor scooter of the sort that kills hundreds of his countrymen every year. "Later, later, perhaps an automobile," he added, with philosophic disbelief.

"The least he could do is spin us around the block," I muttered crossly to my wife. "So I can get the feel of Italian traffic and make sure he hasn't put sand in the carburetor." I conveyed this demand to him with flailing arms. Such an imposition would surely put him off. "In New York . . ." I began promptly.

I didn't complete my sentence. The attendant was ecstatic.

He hastily spread a towel on the front seat and sat behind the wheel. We roared off down the street, honking the horn and flashing the signals for right and left turns we had no intention of making. A dozen hectic blocks further on we drew up to the curb before a very battered *palazzo* and honked long and hard. A dark young woman in a black dress appeared in an upper window. "My wife," he explained, grinning, and honked again. In a moment the woman and half the population of the tenement were milling about the car. *"I miei amici Americani,"* he introduced us proudly. The group nodded enthusiastically and began shaking hands. A grubby-fingered urchin reached in and pressed the horn button and snapped on the lights. In response to requests we gunned the motor and demonstrated the heater and cigarette lighter. Finally we drove off amid cheers and fluttering handkerchiefs.

Back at the garage the attendant sent us regretfully on our way, obviously happy that we should be young, healthy, and rich enough to possess such a beautiful object, sad that he might never see us or it again.

No Karloffs in Calabria

The international love affair continued at Paestum, where, facing night and the wild southern Apennines, we took shelter at the single available inn, an eerie windswept building with a back yard full of ruined Grecian temples. A light flickered in only one window of the *albergo's* long façade. In the distance was the pulsating roar of the Tyrrhenian Sea.

"It's like something from an old Boris Karloff movie," my wife said with a look of masochistic anticipation. Here on the verge of Calabria, where we'd heard that the impoverished peasants spat at the sight of an owner of a mule, let alone a maroon convertible with beige leatherette seats and chromium bumpers, we undoubtedly would meet the fate the experts had promised us.

I knocked. The door creaked wide. A woman's round face peered out and sized us up with one flash of sharp, intelligent eyes. *"Americani,"* she said with an ambiguous smile, and invited us to enter. We spoke for the inn's only guest room and ordered dinner—five courses brought in anxious relays from the kitchen by the woman, her husband, and their teen-age son.

After dinner we were shown upstairs. There was a frigid parlor with mottled linoleum floor, untuned upright piano, and two chairs whose ancient springs struggled desperately for freedom from their faded mohair upholstery. The bedroom was as vast as a threshing loft and contained two narrow mahogany-veneer beds covered with lumpy patchwork comforters, with a marble-topped commode between them. Proudly the son of the house concluded the tour of our quarters with an inspection of the available plumbing – three toilets and two ancient tubs, all at our exclusive disposal.

"This is it," I said as I peered out a window and saw a flock of shadowy rooks spiraling downward into the squat silhouettes of the temples. I rapped the thick walls with my knuckles. They sounded hollow. "I wonder how many innocent guests like ourselves have taken up permanent residence on the far side of these bricks."

We were awakened next morning by a gentle knock upon the door. The sun was streaming in our windows. Across an open field the rooks, like enormous flakes of soot, floated upward from behind the temples' golden cornices.

As I arose from bed I clapped a hand to my forehead. "My God, the car! I forgot the car. It will be completely dismantled by now." I rushed into the sitting room and looked down to the courtyard below.

It was there; tires and windshield wipers intact, diamonds of dew sparkling on its hood.

"Now for the bad news," I said, pulling my clothes on belligerently. "I'll be damned if I'll pay more than half the going rate in Naples."

Our host, with an avuncular smile, demanded less than a quarter—including service, heating, and taxes. We went out to find the son wiping the last trace of moisture from the hood of the car. He had already polished the windows and hubcaps. The three stood in line to wave us on our way.

We raised our hands timidly and gave them guilty smiles.

Although we drove through the wilds of Calabria for a day and a half, not a single rock was thrown, fist shaken, or imprecation yelled after us. On the contrary, every service stop was the occasion for an impromptu celebration. Chores were neglected and lunches interrupted so that all might respectfully observe the opening of our fuel tank, the measuring of our oil and water, the testing of our battery and tires.

By the time we had reached Sicily and Taormina we had almost resigned ourselves to our invariably friendly receptions. But there was

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still a faint hope. After all, Taormina had been playing host to uninvited guests, most of them pretty disagreeable, for twenty-five hundred years. After visits from Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans and Byzantines, Saracens and Normans, not to mention all the more aggressive nationalities of modern Europe, the Taorminese were bound to be resentful, wily, and dishonest. Setting up temporary housekeeping, as we intended, in such an immemorially jaded atmosphere, no doubt we would suffer all the indignities we had been warned against before leaving home.

Our hopes were soon dashed. We named our minimum price for a pink *casa* on a point of land high above the water. The view alone—half a dozen castle-topped crags, the blue Ionian Sea, and the bright escarpments of Calabria—was worth three times our offer. The owner, who was the local beauty-shop proprietor and head of the Taormina Republican Party, agreed at once. He promptly installed a new water heater, stationary laundry tubs, two walls of bookcases, and offered us any furniture in his own apartment that caught our fancy. He located a maid of all work, recommended a grocer, butcher, and fishmonger. Early each morning, he would come to weed and water the flower beds and leave a bouquet or some fruit on our window sill.

Giuseppina, our servant, might have been justified in a certain antipathy toward foreigners; she had been gotten and left with child by some itinerant Allied soldier. But she never gave so much as a grumble.

She greeted our breakfast sullenness with an imperturbable smile, sang intricate Africo-Sicilian *canzoni* at the endless chores for which she was paid one-eighth what she would have received in the United States. During her ten-minute daily rest period she pored over ancient copies of *Vogue* and *House Beautiful*, expressing a never-flagging enthusiasm for all the evidences of western decadence and extravagance they contained. She watched without rancor as we burned up in one day enough wood to keep a Sicilian family warm for the winter, or left half the food on our overloaded plates. When wealthy relatives came to town and swept in and out of our sitting room under an impressive cargo of minks and jewels, she chortled with delight and murmured *"capitalisti,"* which we never dreamed until then could be used as a term of affection. If in the course of six months we detected an occasional grimness in Sicilian demeanor, we would have to have been advanced paranoids to assume it was directed at us.

Salaams from Islam

On the Palermo-Tunis boat we had a resurgence of our old apprehensions. Our kind treatment at the hands of the Italians could not be typical. They were a charming people, but their memories were notoriously short-lived, their grasp of basic tensions uncertain. North Africa would be a much stiffer proposition. There, where everyone was French or Arab, we would really get our proper treatment as American interlopers. Between French *snobisme* and the inscrutable dogmas of the Moslem faith, our popularity had as much chance of survival as that of a Great Dane in an ornate drawing room.

We knew a few of the rules. Don't look at their women; don't take pictures of interesting native types; don't laugh suddenly without obvious cause; don't pat camels; don't touch rags hanging from tree limbs; don't peer into mosques or open doorways of any sort. And even if our behavior were impeccable, we could still expect the natives to despise us—just on principle.

The Arabs may categorically despise all infidels, but they gave no such indication to us. We wandered through the teeming medieval *souks* of Tunis, Fez, and Marrakech, jostling the bargaining natives, staring in open-mouthed wonder at the veiled tattooed women doing their daily shopping and being stared at in return. Anyone not wishing to have his photograph taken simply turned his back. In Tlemcen we blundered into a mosque and were greeted in the back room by a class of Arab six-year-olds who swayed with excitement at our intrusion and piped us a Mohammedan hymn in shrill eager voices. On a curiosity visit to the local Turkish bath my wife barely escaped being pulled, cardigan, Técla pearls, and all, into the steam by an enthusiastic group of Arab women, delighted with *la belle américaine* and anxious to see her completely undressed.

On the Ile de Mogador, fishermen happily lent us poles with baited hooks and disentangled them from the rocks below, although they were prejudicing their own day's catch for our sport. When we were stalled by a cloudburst in the mauve and silver wastes between Tebessa and Sfax, a group of camel herders came to our rescue, drying out our engine and wading ahead of us on the flooded road to make sure the water was not too deep for our car to ford. The same day the guard at the Algerian-Tunisian frontier, seeing our American passports, held us out of line until the French officer in charge had a chance to locate a photograph of his son, who was on a fellowship at the University of California.

And so it went, back to Tunis, back across the Mediterranean, and up through the boot of Italy and into Austria. Each day we accumulated more and more instances of disinterested cordiality. By now we didn't try to explain or rationalize this treatment. We just enjoyed it.

Arriving for the Palio in Communist Siena, on thirty minutes' notice we found ourselves entitled to ringside seats, which for natives had been sold out weeks in advance. At Loibl Pass, a windy mountain frontier station between Austria and Yugoslavia, our nationality earned us an invitation to join the guards in raw bacon and black bread sandwiches and *Apfelsaft*. In Sankt Gil-

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gen on the Wolfgangsee the principal hotel stayed open for an extra week to accommodate only us at half the on-season rates. At the castle of Hochosterwitz in Carinthia our national cachet carried us, in cotton and tweeds, past armored and doubleted retainers into a noble wedding where we gaped and snapped photographs of the gently curdling cream of Austrian aristocracy in frayed cutaways, remodeled presentation dresses, and tarnished gold-trimmed hussars' tunics.

The Adaptable Hollanders

Through Germany, France, and Belgium it was the same. Not until we reached the Netherlands, whose people's friendliness even the authorities dared not impugn, did we come face to face with the hostility and stubborn incomprehension we had been warned against.

It took us unaware in the fitting room of a large Amsterdam department store. My wife, who had had to start looking for maternity clothes in Taormina and had had no success in finding attractive ones between there and Cologne, finally located a suit that she felt might, with one or two radical alterations, do for the voyage home. As she suggested these adjustments, looks of horrified incredulity appeared on the salesgirls' faces. The tailor, department head, and floor supervisor were summoned, appealed to, and appalled in hierarchic succession. Scandalized underlings crowded into the alcove behind us, fingered the tweed, and examined the stylish cut indignantly. This was one of the choice garments in the store's new winter collection. They had all coveted it. The assistant manager was called. The sense of outrage increased. It couldn't be done. They'd never heard of such a thing. Why did my wife want to wander about in her condition anyway? She would be much better off at home. It was as if she had whimsically suggested retouching a Rembrandt or Vermeer.

Finally there appeared the manager himself, a massive, calm-faced man in blue serge. The salesgirl, department head, and assistant manager explained in turn. The manager blanched, and then with great dignity turned to us. "You are Americans, are you not?" he asked gravely. We admitted it, waiting for the long-expected denunciations. There was a pause. He looked significantly at his underlings and one by one the expressions of indignation faded.

He shrugged, bowed, kissed my wife's hand, congratulated me on the future addition to our family, and withdrew. The tailor stepped forward, brandishing his measuring tape; the minor dignitaries melted away. The incident was closed. Once again our nationality had worked decisively in our favor.

A few days later we boarded the ship for home. We knew that, once there, all of the evidence for foreign hostility would again be shoved at us. We would hear once more that a nation of our wealth and power must expect to remain envied and unloved; that our very kindnesses, like the favors of a wealthy relative, must inspire resentment; and that our tourists who sweep over Europe each summer must add to the hatred by their crude curiosity and loud mouths. But somehow the closely reasoned arguments would never quite regain their old conviction.

We had been part of that supposedly loathsome tourist tide. We had swarmed over ruins, rushed irreverently through cathedrals and museums, snapped indiscriminate pictures, craned necks, stuck our noses often where they shouldn't have been stuck. But the fact that we were Americans still sparked interest and not sullenness. The signs we read along our way—the important ones in people's faces and behavior, not those scrawled on Paris alley walls, displayed at conference tables, or taken out of context from highbrow café conversations — read, "Come back! Americans, stay here!"

The Great Torso Murder, or, Let's Investigate Foundations

MARYA MANNES

"TAKE that damn thing off!" roared the Reactionary Painter Who Liked to Paint Beautiful Women.

"What thing?" asked the beautiful woman on the model stand.

"That thing underneath, around your middle. I want to paint a woman—not a sausage."

Being amiable as well as pretty, the woman disappeared and took it off and sat down again.

"That's better," said the painter. "Why do you wear it anyway?"

"A girdle?" she said. "Why, everybody does. It—well—it holds you in. Women without a girdle look sloppy."

"You don't," said the painter.

"Well, I feel sloppy. With a girdle you feel—well—pulled together."

"Just as I said," the painter retorted. "Pulled together, all in one solid block of flesh, like a frankfurter. Don't you see what it does to you?"

A girdle, he said, was just another facet of conformity. A girdle molded every woman into the shape considered right for 1954 or 1955 or 1968. A girdle restricted real freedom of movement. No woman could walk well when the center of motion was held in bond, however elastic. A girdle neutralized true femininity.

"Why do you think Marilyn Monroe's walk knocks them dead?" he asked.

"I suppose you mean because she doesn't wear one," said the woman. "Maybe—but it's vulgar."

"What's vulgar about being a woman?" roared the Reactionary Painter.

'That Damn Thing'

He had hit upon something: the fact that an enormous industry has been built up predicated largely on a sense of guilt about the body. He might not know that about $220 million worth of girdles, corsets, and combinations were sold to American women in the year 1953; but this swollen statistic would confirm his

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What shapes your thinking?

CERTAIN primitives bind their skulls with strips of hide so that their heads grow "on a bias." When these wrappings are removed, the first flow of blood is extremely painful.

In our society, many bind not their heads, but their minds, and as a result of this tourniquet on their imagination, their thinking is biased and their opinions hidebound. To remove the wrappings and permit a flow of new ideas is painful here too, and these narrow-minded clans are careful to avoid it.

Scientists who have studied it say that head-binding isn't harmful—but all agree that "mind-binding" is. Mind-binding is fatal not only to truth, but to freedom as well. That's why you'll find THE REPORTER so often removing the wrappings from the news to uncover the facts and forces, the people and the pressures that affect you and your interests. That's why even when the truth hurts, THE REPORTER will seek it out for you.

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The Reporter

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conviction that it was one of the greatest triumphs of salesmanship over instinct ever achieved in the field of women's attire. The millions who wore girdles did so not because they wanted to wear them but because they thought they *ought* to wear them. Excluding all special cases, the majority of women (if they were honest) would confess it was a moment of great relief when they took them off. For no matter what the admen or the corset people or the fashion editors said, the compression—however slight and artful—of a vital area of the anatomy was neither natural nor desirable. It had become, through a masterful campaign of indoctrination, mandatory.

"That damn thing," growled the painter, brush in air, "is an intensely Puritan garment: a feminine hair shirt which you poor idiots wear to expiate the sin of being a woman!"

When the object of his attention murmured something about "grooming," he exploded again. "Look," he said, "D'you know what grooming has come to mean in this chlorophylled country of ours? It's the obliteration of the animal in us—the healthy animal at that. Look at all your smell-less, bumpless, lineless dummies! Where's your female essence gone to? What do you think makes these untidy, raging, Italian actresses so damned exciting?"

"I often wondered," she said.

"You wouldn't if you were a man," he muttered.

'A Noble Thing'

Being wise besides being amiable, the woman said nothing, and there was silence for a while as the painter studied worshipfully the manner in which her shoulder joined her neck.

"How long," he said finally, "have you worn one?"

"A girdle?" she said. "Oh, about ten years, I guess—since I was fifteen."

"Can you give me any good reason," said the painter, controlling himself with difficulty, "why a girl of fifteen needs a girdle? Were you fat?"

"Heavens, no!" she answered. "Thin as a rail. But everyone wore one. They made fun of you if you didn't. I remember girls whispering about a girl who didn't—'disgusting,' they called her."

The painter swore. "What about now? You're not fat now. Why do you wear one?"

"I told you. It's neater. Your clothes fit better."

"You mean you can get into tighter ones?"

SHE LAUGHED. "You can call it that if you want. You can't wear things like tailored suits without a girdle."

"In other words," he said, "you need a girdle to wear the kind of clothes men wear. But you don't really need one, say, for the kind of full skirt you've got on now—which I like very much."

"But you're a painter . . ."

"And am therefore eccentric and have no sense of fashion? My dear woman, for centuries the painters have worshiped and understood woman as she is. Do you think for a minute that Leonardo or Renoir or Manet would have painted a woman with a girdle on? Or Praxiteles sculptured one?"

"Maybe not," she said, "but look at all the portraits of women with pinched-in waists and stomachers and things like that. That's not natural."

"No. But it is an accentuation of the female form. It is not—as the girdle is—an attempt to neutralize an area extending from the ribs to the middle of the thigh." He stopped painting to address her directly. "A woman's torso," he said, "is a noble thing—a vessel, a temple. Of whatever shape, it should be revered as such—not apologized for."

"Charmingly said," she countered, "but how would you like to walk down a street where none of the women wore girdles? It's all very well to talk about the young and slender ones, but what about the fat and sloppy ones?"

"For one thing," said the painter, retreating a few steps and squinting (he was a Reactionary Painter), "they're fat and sloppy because they haven't been taught to eat right and walk right and enjoy their bodies. For another, they wouldn't look half as sloppy if they wore the right clothes, which would leave them free from the waist down. Instead they shoehorn themselves into skimpy little things because they think they look younger."

"It isn't their fault. They wear what they can buy."

"Aha!" he gloated. "Conspiracy again: the dress industry and the corset industry hand in hand, the one needing the other and damn well seeing that the woman needs both!"

"I still think," said the woman, "that the female with a bad figure looks better when it's what you call 'neutralized' than when it's left to itself."

"That's a matter of taste. But I can tell you, my love, that any old Portuguese fishwife swaying down the street in what Seventh Avenue would call a bad figure is a joy to look at simple because she uses what she has in the right way. Her body is free—it functions. Put her in a girdle and she'd be a trussed fowl. Any actress, any dancer, can tell you that. The body simply cannot express itself in a girdle."

The Shape of Freedom

She was about to intervene but the painter cut in again. "Another thing you don't seem to realize is that a girdle does not in any way *remove* fat—it just *moves* it—up or down or sideways. The volume remains the same, only it's more equalized. I return to the frankfurter."

"Another thing *you* don't seem to realize," said the woman, "is that women have to hold their stockings up."

The painter grinned. "My spies tell me that there are little gadgets designed for that particular purpose alone."

"You know too much," she said. "But all I can tell you is that after you wear a girdle for a while you get so used to it you don't notice it."

At this the painter laid down his brush and shook his head at her. "There you have it," he said gravely, "the perfect definition of a dictatorship. If you impose conformity long enough, the shape of freedom becomes so dim that it ceases to be desirable."

THE WOMAN, stretching and smiling, rose to her feet. "I'm getting awfully stiff," she said, "Can I rest awhile?" He nodded and she walked around the studio, stretching again as she walked. The painter looked after her and shook his head again.

"Beautiful," he sighed. "Just beautiful—without that damn thing on."

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Westbrook Pegler and 'That Man in the White House'

ROBERT K. BINGHAM

THERE'S A TRACE of innocent masochism in all of us, and for about a year and a half now I've been jabbing myself with the syndicated columns of Westbrook Pegler. As soon as this roaring in my ears lets up a little, I'll tell you all about it.

It wasn't as bad as you might think. I was able to lighten my burden considerably by skipping over rapidly whatever was said about the various members of the Roosevelt family (Hyde Park branch), dead or alive. That lady to whom Pegler refers with his customary gallantry as "La Boca Grande" is still his favorite subject, although the familiar pearls of invective that he strings and restrings with loving care whenever the mood strikes him —say two or three times a week— are by now worn down to the paste.

I already knew what Pegler thought of Mrs. Roosevelt. What I wanted to study was the development of his opinions concerning Dwight D. Eisenhower. It occurred to me that Pegler might find himself at something of a loss under a Republican President. Whom would we all be going to hell in a handbasket because of now?

I MUST SAY that Pegler gave Mr. Eisenhower every sporting chance to make good. "I am going to start fresh and try being patient with President Eisenhower and kind to him," he wrote a week after the inauguration. Of course, he went on to say that the President "showed blank ignorance of one of the worst facts of life in our distorted republic today" by not recommending the repeal of the graduated income tax in his Inaugural Address. But all in all, Pegler's patience held up pretty well during the spring of 1953.

The appointment of Martin Durkin as Secretary of Labor produced no more than a routine salvo against labor racketeers. Mrs. Hobby didn't sit too well with Pegler either; he felt that Southern Democrats who had voted Republican "ought to serve a period of probation, like freshmen on a campus, before they are allowed to put on our pin." But the President's first State of the Union Message was actually hailed as a "repudiation of Roosevelt, Truman, and as much of the New Deal as may be wiped out," even though, sad to relate, "The monstrosity called Social Security appears to be imbedded in Ike's program." To be sure, the President would still have to keep an eye on Tom Dewey and Clare Boothe Luce, but otherwise the future was as bright as it ever gets for Pegler. Reminiscing almost fondly about an interview with the General at SHAPE headquarters in Rocquencourt several months before he became an active candidate, Pegler hinted that "Ike's statement of his ideas regarding labor unions was very encouraging."

Creeping Disillusion

But by the middle of June Pegler was beginning to fidget a little over "the European type social-democracy which is taking shape under President Ike." It also dawned on him that Mr. Eisenhower, even as other Presidents, had relatives, and he let it be known that the President's brothers Milton and Arthur would bear watching. Just a few days after the election he had given the President-elect fair warning to "get on the ball right now and ride off any of his relatives who may be making honest dumb mistakes or yielding to the Rooseveltian instincts which made a racket of the Presidency," and he was far from pleased with the company that Arthur, in particular, had been keeping. (Later in the summer of 1953 when Arthur Eisenhower called Senator McCarthy "the most dangerous menace to America," McCarthy himself was magnanimous enough to remark, "I don't hold Ike responsible for what his relatives say." But for Pegler, Arthur Eisenhower has continued to serve as a minor whipping boy.)

Other unsavory details of the President's past began to come out. In July Pegler recalled that "after all, he [Eisenhower] was just a lieut.-colonel when Roosevelt plucked him from the file of lieut.-colonels and started shoving him forward to the rank of five-star General." "Does anyone doubt," he demanded another day, "that Truman so highly approved Ike's revealed politics as to take him up the mountain, as Arthur Krock wrote in 1952, and promise him the rest, residue and remainder of our country after he should finish his ruinous works?"

Pegler even permitted himself to wonder why Mr. Eisenhower had not accepted the Democratic nomination, "for he certainly would have won on that ticket as handily as he won on the synthetic Republican ticket of Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Barney Baruch and other fifth column Democrats." Another of Mr. Eisenhower's fifth-column Democrats, I learned later, was Paul Hoffman, "the public spendthrift who squandered us enormously into debt

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in Europe and organized a corps of thousands of misanthropic and generally unemployable white-collar bums, the rakings and scrapings of the Newspaper Guild, the city rooms and the Washington bureaucracy under the generic title of the Marshall Plan."

"I am not underestimating Ike," Pegler wrote, still more in sorrow than in anger, "He is a picnic pitcher in a World Series. I wish it were otherwise, but you will see."

The Hearst essayist could by now imagine circumstances under which what he calls "the real Republicans" would "let him [Eisenhower] and his Red friends have the dam thing [the Republican Party] and form another of our own." But who are the real Republicans? It is by no means easy to qualify. "For example," Pegler wrote in August, "even Joe McCarthy, who is damned as an 'isolationist' and 'reactionary,' is not an unconditional hard-core man. On foreign policy and foreign expenditures, he runs with President Eisenhower . . . Dirksen is not as far gone as Smith, Saltonstall and Ives, but he is vacillating."

Pegler is not given to schoolgirl gush, but he did go so far as to say that "John Williams, of Delaware, and John Bricker, of Ohio, are, if not the two best, then certainly two of the best unconditional Republicans." In all the columns I read, I think those are just about the kindest words he had for any of his countrymen, and the only two foreigners he seemed to like were Rafael L. Trujillo and the late Pierre Laval. Vituperation, in fact, has been Pegler's stock in trade for so long that I was amazed when a jury recently directed him and his publishers to pay $175,001 for a few remarks about Quentin Reynolds that struck me as nothing more than good-natured ribbing compared with what Pegler says about people he really doesn't like.

The Patience of an Angry Man

You can't teach an old dog to give up tricks that have been bringing in the Ken-L-Ration since he was a pup, and I suspect Pegler is like one of the dogs the Army trains to attack anyone they see wearing an enemy uniform. It is apparently not so much Mr. Eisenhower of whom Pegler disapproves as it is the very office of President. Any man of any party who didn't begin his term by abdicating all his powers to the state legislatures would hear that brutish snarl and feel those huge paws on his chest before long.

In the fall of 1953 the appearance of Secretary of State Dulles and Vice-President Nixon at the AFL convention in St. Louis ("to wheedle with this mob of goons") prompted Pegler to advance the theory that "President Eisenhower seems not to realize how popular he is. . . ." Other Republicans this side of the hard core and a few fifth-column

Democrats had been saying substantially the same thing in urging the President to deal firmly with McCarthy, but Pegler had other ideas about the uses of popularity: "It is not too late for the President to face the truth and to attack this evil under its right name. He can put the whole AF of L on the defensive . . . Let him attack Meany, Durkin, Hutcheson, Gray and Beck. Is he just afraid?"

By March of this year the dew was pretty well off the rose. "President Eisenhower looks more like U. S. Grant every day . . . I am not smirking when I say let us pray that Eisenhower is not as dumb as he seems." And in May he revealed that he was no longer able to place much credence in the General's "high-sounding affirmations at Rocquencourt. As the cliché of the book-trade has it, he drained me of my belief."

It isn't only what the President does that has been trying Pegler's patience; it's also what he doesn't do. "In passing," he wrote one day, " . . . wouldn't you agree that Ike is taking more than a reasonable amount of time off to play golf and relax? . . . And for otherwise loafing on a job that calls for long hours of hard work, as he certainly had been warned by Harry Truman's belly-aching about his terrible ordeal? I don't want a President to kill himself, but I notice that Truman, after all his yowling, recently boasted that he had never taken a sleeping pill or missed a wink in many years. At the age of 70, he can still lead a straggling pack of younger men from the New York papers a mile up Park and down Lexington, so the job didn't take too much out of him. Anyway, you don't live forever, and Ike asked for this job knowing that it was supposed to call for some anxiety, long hours and concentration."

'An American from Now On'

Pegler's long-tried patience finally snapped on this June 29 in a column headed "Constitutional Republicans Distinguished from Others." The scales had fallen from his eyes while he was attending "a small dinner at the Union League Club in honor of Sen. John Bricker. . . . The guests included Edward A. Rumely and Sumner Gerard, of the Committee for Constitutional Government; John Bond Trevor, long identified with vigorous but often unpopular pro-American movements; young William Buckley, author of 'God and Man at Yale' and of 'McCarthy and His Enemies'; Frank Chodorov, author of a recent work damning the income tax amendment as 'The Root of All Evil'; Gen. Leslie R. Groves, of atom-bomb fame; Spruille Braden, an outstanding anti-Communist diplomat, and Archie Roosevelt, son of the late President T.R."

In this stimulating company, all the pieces fitted together and Pegler saw at last where his duty lay. "Nothing can be gained," he wrote, "by denying that Eisenhower and

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his element distinctly are not true to the Republican tradition. They represent a compromise on the Constitution. Eisenhower looked fishy to me from the very beginning of his boom."

What, then, shall the real Republicans do? Where shall they go? "Sen. Bricker is, in my belief, the logical candidate of the Republican Republicans for President in 1956. He is 60 years old, sturdy and apparently sound in health, diligent, energetic, patriotic and a scholar on the subject of the Constitution." Moreover, "he did not take a drink" during the entire evening at the Union League Club.

Pegler ended with a tight throat, resolved to mend his ways in future.

"Thinking upon it, I realize that many of us who are accused of 'McCarthyism' because we fight against treason and fight for the Constitution have been dwelling in fear ourselves.

"I am fed up with this cowardice and will not be guilty again. By God, I am going to be an American from now on. And be damned to anyone who tries to scare me. Life that way is not worth living."

I had hoped that I might be able to give up reading Pegler and go back to not stepping on the cracks in the sidewalk, but now that he's decided to stop pulling his punches, I guess I'll just have to go on. « »

How Jim O'Sullivan Moved a Mountain

JOE MILLER

HAIL COLUMBIA: THE THIRTY-YEAR STRUGGLE FOR GRAND COULEE DAM, by George Sundborg. *Macmillan. $5.75.*

GRAND COULEE DAM, most productive single structure on earth, has has been one of the most successful ventures in American history. It has been the prototype for other giant dams such as McNary, Shasta, Chief Joseph, and Hungry Horse that are changing the face of the West and paying for themselves in the process.

Yet less than two decades ago Grand Coulee Dam was widely attacked as "the most colossal fraud in history" and "a monstrous monument of waste in the wilderness."

How did Grand Coulee Dam come into being? There is a popular notion that it was simply a gigantic leaf-raking project thought up by F.D.R.'s brain-trusters. The actual story is even more improbable. The idea was born in July, 1918, when Billy Clapp, a lawyer in Ephrata, Washington, casually suggested to some farmers who were complaining about the lack of water that it might be an idea to build a big dam across the Grand Coulee and pump out the water. The thought might have died a-borning if a country editor named Rufus Woods had not heard of it. Woods had a flair for the dramatic, and he emblazoned Clapp's suggestion across the front page of his Wenatchee *World*. No one knew it then, but the Grand Coulee movement was in business.

A TALL, gaunt engineer-attorney named James O'Sullivan read the story. O'Sullivan, who had drifted into the Columbia Basin from Port Huron, Michigan, had also been thinking about the reclamation of this sagebrush wasteland. He quickly became the leader of the big-dam boosters.

Coulee faced powerful opposition from the start. The Washington Power Company and other well-entrenched Spokane interests had already formulated their own scheme: a low-dam power-irrigation plan. They weren't going to have it threatened by the "crackpot notions" of the Ephrata sagebrushers.

The utilities did manage to douse much of the enthusiasm. For a while the big dam was forgotten by practically everyone except Jim O'Sullivan. He kept trudging through the dry countryside talking big dam. He wrote newspaper articles, made thousands of speeches, organized the farmers into big-dam groups, and even invaded opposition meetings to spread the word. ("Damn you, if you speak at the meeting here," he was warned, "we'll lynch you." O'Sullivan spoke.) With remarkable prescience, O'Sullivan described the new industry that Coulee power would bring, the fertile farmlands that would appear out of the dust, and the big boom that would come to the entire Columbia country. "He was evangelist, dreamer, and engineer," his onetime opponent, the Yakima *Herald*, commented later. "He knew the inspired words and the glowing terms, and . . . he knew the facts."

Usually broke, O'Sullivan often hitch-hiked from town to town, depending on board and room from friendly farmers and contributions of a few dollars, razor blades, and baskets of food. "For eighteen years Jim sacrificed personal fortune, comforts and outside interests in his dedicated fight," said one of his fellow workers. "He was incorruptible." Not understanding a man of this cut, his enemies circulated the rumor that he was off his trolley. Even his friends got tired of his single-minded tenacity.

But O'Sullivan never gave up. He enlisted the support of such influential figures as Colonel Hugh Cooper, builder of Muscle Shoals and Dneprostroi, and Reclamation Director Arthur P. Davis. He sold the idea to Senators and Congressmen. As

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Grand Coulee's chief lobbyist, he crossed the country in a day coach and lived in a dollar-a-day room and ate two cheap meals a day while he was asking Congress for hundreds of millions of dollars.

THE SAGEBRUSHERS won out. The big dam was completed in 1941, and all that Jim O'Sullivan had predicted came true. The war, of course, made Grand Coulee's success even more spectacular, but it is now evident that it would have been great anyway. After reading this well-documented book, one cannot help suspecting that there could have been no Grand Coulee Dam without Jim O'Sullivan. If that is so, the impact of the obscure O'Sullivan upon the face of the region that Franklin Roosevelt once call "the Promised Land" has been even greater than that of James J. Hill, Frederick Weyerhaeuser, and other empire builders of an earlier era.

Why did O'Sullivan win? His explanation was simple. "Those power company fellows," he once said, "had everything on their side—money, influence, newspapers, dignitaries. That is, everything but one thing. They didn't have a good idea. We did." « »

What One Economist Thought of the Rest

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

HISTORY OF ECONOMIC ANALYSIS, by Joseph Schumpeter. *Oxford University Press. $17.50.*

FOR YEARS economists who pride themselves on being fashionably abreast of the great enterprises under way in their field were asking when Joseph Schumpeter's book on the history of economic thought would appear. There were good reasons for this interest. Schumpeter was, second perhaps only to Keynes, the most interesting modern figure in economics. His career had spanned two continents. It began in Austria, where he was a professor, banker, and one of the first Finance Ministers of the Republic following the First World War. It continued in the United States, where he was professor of economics at Harvard and a major focus of student interest from 1932 onward.

Unlike Keynes, Schumpeter was not identified with any great central idea in economics around which people grouped as a "school." Early in life he wrote on the process of economic change and growth and the critical role of the entrepreneur in this process. This is perhaps the closest thing there is to a Schumpeter "theory." In recent times he contributed what amounted to a succession of brilliant insights into economic behavior. (These included his famous thesis that capitalism was destroying itself by its very success: In vigorously penalizing the incompetent, inefficient, and unlucky, it incited the hostility which portended its downfall.) But precisely because Schumpeter had few positions of his own to defend, he excelled as a critic. This book was anticipated as the great critical work of all time in its field.

The book, just under thirteen hundred pages of it, appeared early this year. Schumpeter died in 1950, leaving a great mass of unrevised manuscript; his widow, also an economist of distinction, had barely seen it to the press before her own death a year ago. So far there has been little comment. Presumably some reviewers are still plowing their way through the pages and, in any case, the scholarly journals are yet to be heard from. The general reaction is almost certain to be one of some disappointment.

The Big Boys Aren't *All* Wrong

The history begins with the Greeks and ends with John Maynard Keynes. (Some chapters on other modern economists were never finished.) Without question, it is a remarkable exercise in scholarship. Schumpeter read exhaustively in the writings of all the ages, and he was also impressively erudite in all of the related fields of knowledge—political and cultural history, literature, art, and social organization—as he makes the reader adequately aware. As a result, the scope and detail of the history far surpass anything that has previously been available. Schumpeter was also a gifted writer, and the volume is readily accessible to the nonprofessional reader, although it was part of the author's formidable conceit that he wrote only for the most learned of his professional colleagues.

The weakness of the book—a rather fundamental one—lies in the judgments that are rendered. These, to be blunt, are frequently dubious and on occasion almost certainly wrong. The book undertakes to reverse nearly every present view of those who have contributed to the development of economic ideas, and not all that is commonly believed and taught is quite as wrong as the author holds. Thus Adam Smith, David Ricardo, Alfred Marshall, and J. M. Keynes have been, and continue to be, the great names in the dominant English-speaking tradition of economic theory. To Schumpeter they are greatly overrated men—all of them unscientific and unoriginal, and Ricardo and Keynes, whom he particularly depreciates, excessively concerned with practical matters and thus prevented from making any important scientific contribution.

Grading Economists

On the other hand, John Stuart Mill, in recent times a somewhat fashionable figure who is credited mostly with organizing in highly literate form the ideas that had won general acceptance by the middle of the last century, here emerges as a major figure. So do numerous Italian, German, and other continental scholars whose names are but slightly known in England and America. And in Schumpeter's system the greatest of all economists is Léon Walras (1834-1910). Walras, a Frenchman whose scholarly life was spent as professor of political economy at the University of Lausanne, is associated with the theory of gen-

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eral equilibrium in economics, or the notion of a massive and total interrelationship between all parts of the economic system.

Schumpeter's effort to score economists like horses in a jumping competition may be a somewhat dubious undertaking in itself, but the standards by which he measures performance are even more questionable. No doubt he was partly motivated by the provincialism of the English-speaking economists — it is the great English-speaking figures who suffer most at his hands—and by a keen desire to show that those who wrote in German, Italian, and French deserve more credit for the development of economic ideas than they have commonly received in England and the United States. At times, it seems clear, Schumpeter was moved only by a desire to be different. Faced with a choice between being wrong and being commonplace, he found it very hard to be commonplace.

Economics for Its Own Sake

But Schumpeter also had an objective standard of excellence, which was the sophistication, internal consistency, and artistry of the particular scholar's view of economic processes. If these refinements were great the man was, *pro tanto*, a great economist. Otherwise he was not. By this standard, men of great practical judgment like Ricardo and Keynes are excluded. They get no credit for their judgment and their sense of relevance. Their very preoccupation with practical matters kept them from elaborating elegant but irrelevant models of an economic world that never was. But Walras, Schumpeter's hero, was under no such restraint. His ideas were never supposed to have any practical significance, and in their original form, at least, they were never brought to bear on any practical problem.

There is no reason why economic ideas, any more than any other scientific work, should have to stand the test of day-to-day practical utility. To apply such a test is almost certainly to defeat speculation that may be of great ultimate worth. But Schumpeter's standard, which comes close to rejecting what is useful simply because it is useful, is at least equally unsatisfactory.

BOOK NOTE

GERMAN HISTORY: SOME NEW GERMAN VIEWS, edited by Hans Kohn. *The Beacon Press. $4.*

WHAT HAVE the German people —and notably the German historians—learned from the bitter and crushing experiences they inflicted upon the world and upon themselves? A great deal of soul searching and critical self-appraisal has been in progress since V-E Day. The historians whose essays appear in this book, ranging from well-known older scholars like Friedrich Meinecke and Franz Schnabel to younger teachers like Walter Hofer and Ellinor von Puttkamer, are honestly seeking answers to what it was in the German *Geist* that plunged the world into war twice in twenty-five years. Others are clearly searching only for what went wrong and why, in the hope of doing better the next time. The struggle of ideas between these two schools of thought bears close watching, for its outcome will provide a clue to Germany's future.

The underlying theme of these essays is the spiritual alienation of Germany from the West since the Napoleonic Wars. In the aftermath of national resistance to Napoleon's rule and of national unification in Bismarck's Reich, German scholars consciously turned their backs on the West, rejecting as un-German the Enlightenment and French Revolution, with their ideas of democracy and liberalism. This early attempt to rewrite history ignored the fact that German thinkers like Kant and Goethe, Schiller and Herder were themselves illustrious protagonists of western Enlightenment. Goethe, in fact, remained aloof from the war of "liberation" from the Napoleonic "yoke," warning his sovereign against joining the anti-French alliance and remaining deeply skeptical as to the unification of Germany. Nonetheless, the attempt to rewrite history was eminently successful, as German historiography from Fichte to Treitschke and German history from the days of Bismarck to those of Hitler demonstrate all too conclusively.

The real villain of modern German history, it appears from these essays, was not Adolf Hitler or Wilhelm II but Bismarck. The glorification of the state, the apotheosis of militarism, and the deification of nationalism characteristic of Prussian power politics were initiated under his régime. The paperhanger from Braunau, to be sure, added touches of his own, partly borrowed from the totalitarian techniques of Stalin and Mussolini, but in essence he merely superimposed them upon the foundations laid by the Iron Chancellor. German philosophers like Hegel and Nietzsche and German historians like Ranke and Spengler provided intellectual respectability for these autocratic foundations of Caesarism. They developed the theory of Germany's "unique character" with Teutonic thoroughness, thus widening the chasm between western rationalism, democracy, and pacifism and German romanticism, autocracy, and militarism.

As Professor von Rantzau observes in his essay on "The Glorification of the State in German Historical Writing," the cult of Germany's "unique character" has been magnified by German historians to the point of the grotesque. "Cannibals, after all, could actually justify man-eating by the simple statement that it is an expression of their 'unique character.'" After what we saw at Belsen and Buchenwald, the statement seems scarcely farfetched.

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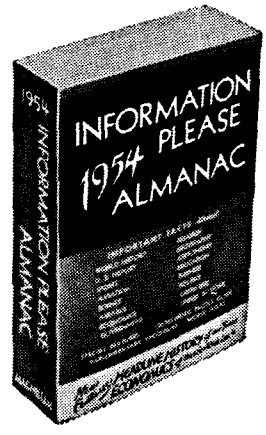

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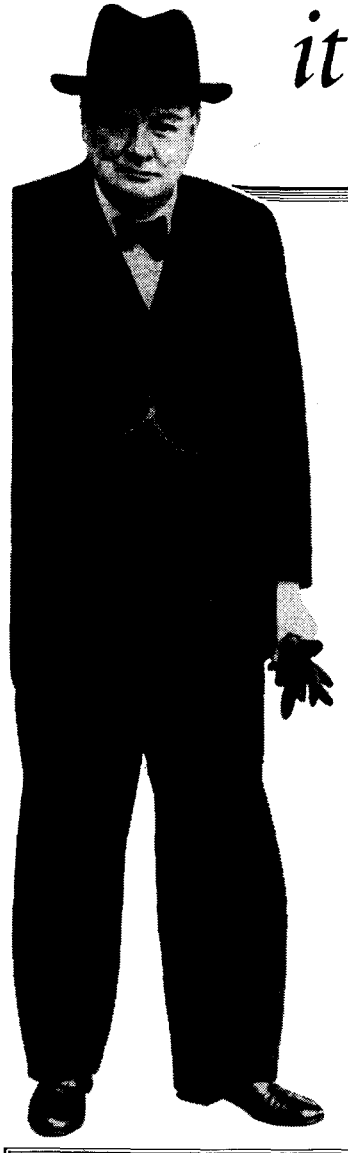

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"In two or three minutes Mr. Roosevelt came through. 'Mr. President, what's this about Japan?' 'It's quite true,' the President replied. 'They have attacked us at Pearl Harbor. We are all in the same boat now.' "

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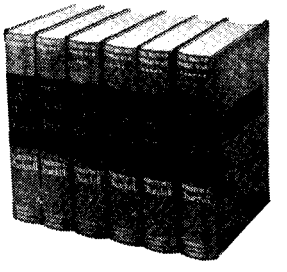

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